SEASONS:
A GRAVITY FALLS ZINE

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Dear Readers

Thank you so much for supporting our zine! So much hard work has gone into the production of this project, and we are so very excited to share it with all of you.

Please enjoy over 100 pages of the Pines family enjoying the seasons together.

Thank you to Alex Hirsch and the rest of the Gravity Falls team for the wonderfully weird world that they made.

And thank you to all of our amazing contributors and to this amazing fandom still going strong all these years later.

Sincerly,
The Seasons Mod Team

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SPRING

Table of Contents

6. DIARY ENTRY BY AKNIGHTOFAGOODKING
9. ART BY FEXILED
10. ART BY BEWILDRED
12. FIC BY 3HOBBITSINATRENCHCOAT
16. ART BY NIKA ILUSTRACIÓN
18. ART BY TENTERCROOKS
19. FIC BY HUOYD
22. ART BY TBARTSS
23. ART BY KANNATC
24. ART BY HECCTWO
25. ART BY BONALDK
26. ART BY LEMONFODRIZZLEART

Entries of a Hidden Treasure!

AKnightOfAGoodKing

February 1

It's been five months since me and Mabel left Gravity Falls, but it really doesn't feel that long. Well, no—it actually feels so muuuuuuuuuuch longer than that. But it also feels like just yesterday that we discovered the 8½th President of the United States in peanut brittle. I don't regret coming back to California... I just miss the adventure and the mysteries, that's all. I guess Grunkle Stan's letters and Grunkle Ford's emails make me a little nostalgic. (I'm not getting old already, am I? I'm only 13...) What's so fun about *algebra* when there are 2 different anomalies in the state of Ohio alone! But it's not as bad as I make it sound—middle school is an adventure in its own way. I suspect that the kids who hang out by the bleachers are... **GHOULS.** I'll make sure to keep you updated, journal. It could be dangerous to investigate without further research, and I'm still waiting back on Ford's email. He and Stan are in Australia tackling radioactive spiders right now.

To get my mind off the Grunkles™ and the possible ghouls behind the bleachers, Mabel said we should check out this new cave in the forest nearby school. Someone said it was discovered after the storm last week... I haven't seen it yet, but I'm sure it's something *strange*. I remember there was lightning but no thunder. It was like looking into a glass jar from my bedroom window that night. Maybe the sound went somewhere else...

February 15

Despite my suspicions, journal, there are **NO** Cupids running around school. Can't really blame me for thinking that because everyone is so much *grosser* this year. A bunch of new couples got together in the last week alone, but Mom told me that's just what holidays do to people. It makes them festive and do things they don't usually do. So I'm theorizing that there is some other entity that brainwashes people—one that acts more like the spirit of holidays instead of any single holiday. Mabel called it "PEOPLE JUST BEING HAPPY!" but I'm **100%** there's some sort of paranormal explanation for it.

OH. I forgot to update about the cave! Sorry, it's been kinda busy because Mabel and I were making each other the best Valentine's card we've ever made for each other! I thought I did good for a guy who

isn't very creative, but of course, she hit it out of the ballpark. I'm still cleaning out sparkling glitter and finding candy in my room. (They're even in my clothes, and they're REALLY hard to wash out.)

Anyway, the cave! We heard... an interesting story. An older kid went once really early in the morning and found the hill the cave was supposed to be, but the second time, it wasn't there at all! **As if it never existed.**

That's a strange anomaly if I've ever heard one! Tomorrow, we're going back to investigate even further, and I have a feeling something amazing will happen. I just don't know what yet. Kinda freaks me out a little!

February 16

WOW, OH, WOW! The cave! THE CAVE! It was crazier than I ever expected! Even Mabel was googlyeyed like she found her perfect dream guy.

After eating breakfast, we went back to the forest like I said we would. I thought it would take us forever to find the cave, but once we started on the trail, me and Mabel heard something. Like a flute playing, or was it birds singing? We still disagree which exactly, but we both heard something. Carefully, or we would've if it was up to me, we followed the sound. Yeah, real risky, but we didn't feel anything bad coming from it. It was... *inviting*. Whatever it was, it wanted us to come. So we did. I was trying to be quiet, but you know Mabel—*whoosh* and *whaaaa* noises as we got closer and closer.

The entrance of the cave was small. Nobody mentioned that. It was just big enough for us to walk right in together, and it was long too. It was more like a tunnel than a cave, and there was a light at the other side. The sound got louder. So me with my flashlight and Mabel with her grappling hook, we started climbing down. And at first, we could only see the light. Then I turned on my light. The cave wall was covered in gems. They surrounded us, sparkling in all the colors of the rainbow everywhere I pointed! They were like stars.

(There was also a bit of screaming—not from me!—when we found out there were also bugs crawling around, but we calmed down quick.)

We got here—it was like when we found all those dinosaurs trapped in the mines, but it wasn't a time period frozen in tree sap, but an entire world alive and thriving inside a cave! Light's coming high above from a hole in the ceiling, and there are trees taller than the redwoods I think! And there's flowers and animals too, birds, squirrels, BEARS, animals you might find in a forest in California. But it's weird. They're not scared of us or anything, just curious. They don't mind that we're here.

Mabel wanted to see *everything*. I did my best to keep up with her. Thankfully, the flowers are nice to smell because she kept stopping to smell them, and we came across a river. It has the clearest waters I've ever seen that I could see at the bottom! There's a lot of fish and

stuff. I wanted to pick up this cool looking rock, but when I reached my hand for it, I couldn't get it. It's *way* deeper than I thought it was. Gives me the chills.

Right now, we're just taking it all in. It's *beautiful* here, journal. Grunkle Stan isn't so wrong about not sticking my nose in books all the time. That and Mabel refuses to stop playing with the bunnies.

February 18

Sorry I didn't update you sooner. I'm still reeling from the visit to the cave. But I didn't tell you what happened after.

Mabel and I were sitting by that river with some of the bunnies when this giant thing came up to us. It looked like a stag, four legs, antlers, fur, and it sounded like a stag. But it wasn't JUST a stag. It was huge! Even bigger than the logger statue back in Gravity Falls, and its antlers spread up in the air like a complicated crown with swirls and vines and moss hanging off it. No, I'm wrong—the vines and moss were <u>growing</u> out of its antlers because there were even flowers and berries. I saw a bird pick one, and another one grew back in its place! It had fur, yeah, but it was **GLOWING** in the way those fluorescent mushrooms do in a soft teal (?) color. And it had six eyes—SIX EYES, JOURNAL! They were like yellow lanterns. In the dark, I would've thought they were three imps trying to stalk us, but this stag thing wasn't an imp. It wasn't even a stag.

It was Spring.

I—I really can't tell you how I knew, but I knew. Mabel knew. The bunnies, the birds, everything in that cave knew. It was *magical*. And it was real.

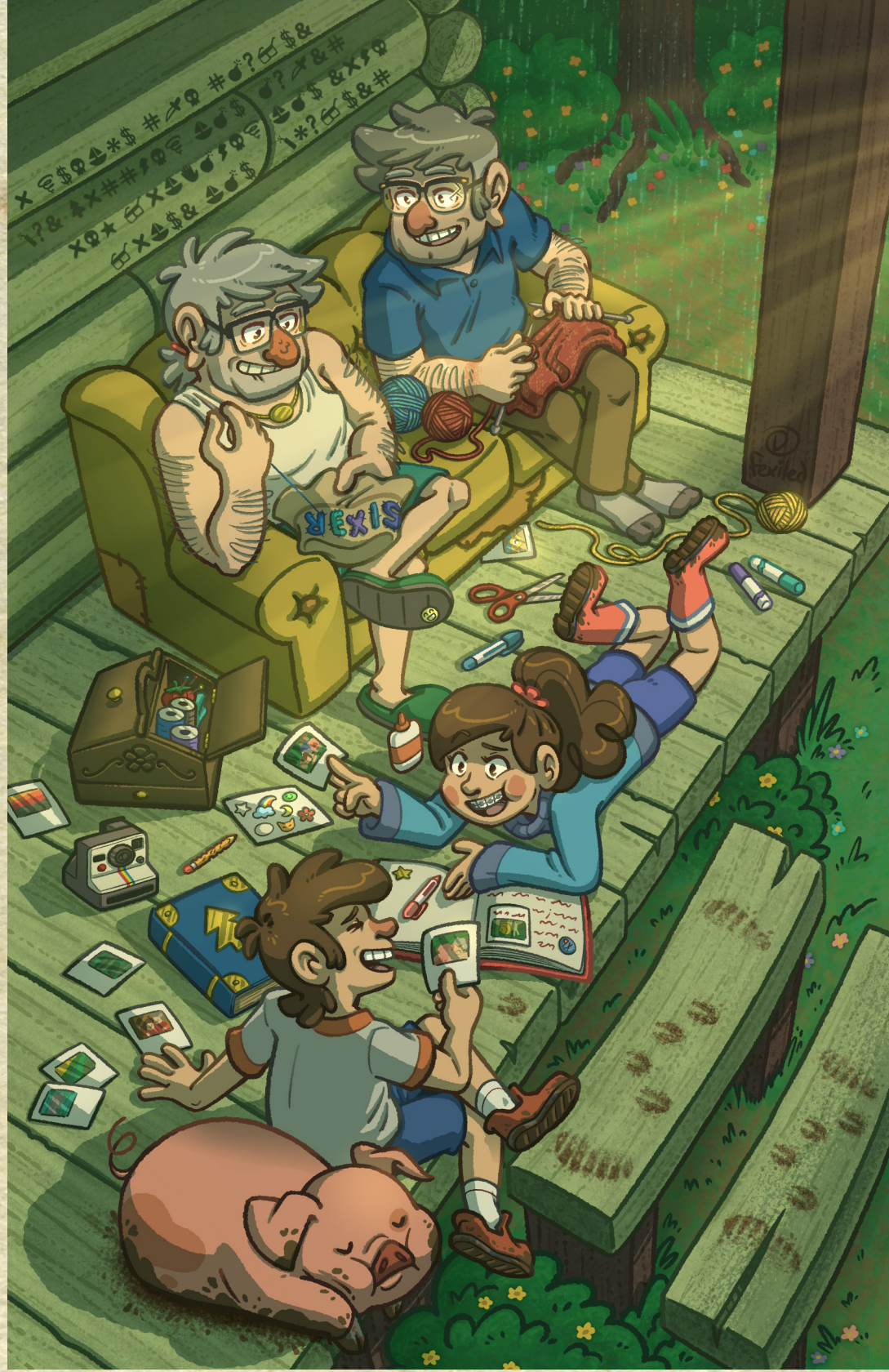
And while I was busy trying to comprehend the incomprehensible, Spring said something in a gust of wind. I didn't catch everything it said, but I think it did that on purpose. Maybe Mabel got more of it because she started laughing, and I understood that so I laughed too.

When I thought Spring would disappear, it just laid down right next to us. It was huge and warm and safe. It felt like home, and we talked until the sun started to go down. We couldn't stay there forever, and we knew that. Again, weird, but it was just time and we were going back through the tunnel with my flashlight. On the other side, the sky was orange and the moon was already in the sky.

I looked back to say bye one more time, but the cave... It was gone. There was only a wall of dirt and rocks. We might have just imagined the whole thing if I didn't account it here, journal. I emailed Grunkle Ford about it once we got home, looking for an explanation, but he just sent back to me:

> "Some things are worth keeping mysteries because mystery is where our imagination will always run wild."

He probably knows just as much as I do. Or Grunkle Stan hijacked his account. HA!



Hay Fever

3HobbitsInATrenchcoat

"... heartbroken, Grunkle Stan. *Duchess Rising* is clearly the superior pre-sequel."

Mabel, trying for a tone of serious affront, misses the mark by the way she hangs upside down off of the sofa, "Grunkle Stan" sounding more like "Gunkel Stab" in her thoroughly congested state.

"My Duchey for a Dance has a duel in it." Stan pauses, holding his breath as his eyes water. With a growl he snatches a tissue from the top of the dinosaur skull, bringing it to his mouth just as a deafening sneeze rocks his whole body. He sniffs once, twists his face with displeasure as a second sneeze fails to make an appearance. "You can't beat a, a… ACHOO!!!"

The sneeze takes him by surprise, nearly propelling him out of his chair. Mabel giggles thickly, flailing her arm towards Stan until he shoves the box of tissues off the skull towards her questing hand.

After a great deal of blowing and honking (it astonishes Stan how much noise one small slip of a girl can make), Mabel tucks the tissue up her sleeve and lets her head thump back against the ground. "This isn't at all what I wanted out of Spring Break. Dipper and I were supposed to go hunting for fairy rings." She sniffs loudly. "Instead I'm stuck inside where only *some* of the pollen can get me."

"It's not what I wanted either, kiddo." Stan slumps further into his chair, staring moodily at the television screen, where the 2004 remake of *The Duchess Approves* traipses merrily across the screen in gorgeous, offensive technicolor. His throat hurts and his ears itch and he's more miserable than he recall being in recent memory. "Thought I was finally used to Gravity Falls' weird pollen and *BAM!* One measly year at sea undid *decades* of hard work!"

Mabel slides further off the couch, half laying on the floor before she flips her legs over her head in some strange tumble, ending up cross legged in front of her grunkle. She leans forward, eyes wide (if a little red-rimmed). "I *thought* the pollen looked different up here! I told Dipper I could probably use some of it as a glitter substitute if I could stop sneezing long enough to collect some."

Horrifying visions of pollen covering every surface of the Mystery Shack swim in front of Stan's eyes and he leans down to meet Mabel's excited gaze. "Sweetheart, I love you and your… creative spark. But please, for the love of my ancient creaking lungs, don't bring pollen into this house. I'm fairly certain it carries some kinda horrible curse."

Mabel hums noncommittally. "I make no promises, Grunkle Stan.

My creative spark has high standards."

"If there were any doubt you were related to Ford…" Stan grumbles goodnaturedly, leaning forward to ruffle a hand through Mabel's hair.

She presses into his touch like a particularly forceful cat. For all her positive bluster, she's still a kid experiencing an unusually awful bout of magical pollen allergies.

"I wonder what's taking them so long? It's been *hours* and I *itch.* What if gnomes stole their shopping and it was the last of the allergy meds and now I'm stuck suffering forever!?"

"I'm sure they're fine, Sweetpea." Logically, Stan knows Dipper and Ford are probably already walking back from the store. That doesn't stop him from worrying though.

He really would like to stop sneezing some time this century.

—

A considering hum from around his left elbow draws Ford's attention away from the picked-over rows of brightly packaged medications. He glances down to find Dipper turning over a box in his hand, squinting at the small hand-drawn warning label crookedly applied to the back.

"Beware! Repeated use may attract the hat man..." The kid reads under his breath, then glances up at Ford and shakes the package in his direction. It rattles somewhat menacingly. "This is the strongest one they have, think it's enough?"

Ford chuckles and takes the box, flipping it over to see that it's completely ordinary diphenhydramine, tiny oblong tablets a bright and unassuming pink. "It should, though we may want to heed the warnings about the hat man. Stanley and I had a run in with him as kids. I don't wish to repeat the experience as I doubt he's become less terrifying with age."

Dipper's eyes widen into astonished saucers and Ford feels his lips twitch with amusement at the myriad questions dancing behind them. He feels himself cave immediately. "Well, maybe if we summon him we can interview him for our notes!"

"Yeah!" The pair heads toward checkout and Dipper bounces slightly, clearly trying to suppress excited jumping in an effort to seem more grown up. "Sightings of the hat man go back centuries! We can ask if he's one entity or if he comes from a long line and what his motivations are and if he has any weaknesses and-" He cuts off abruptly, frowning. "But we aren't the ones taking allergy meds. We can't see him."

Ford frowns too, giving a distracted nod as the clerk hands him a receipt. He tries, and fails, not to wince at the price. "You're absolutely right, my boy. But it would be a waste if we ignored this opportunity. Perhaps your sister would be willing to be our mouthpiece? I'm sure she'd be happy to help further scientific inquiry!"

Dipper snorts. “Probably, but we better hope the hat man likes glitter and making new friends by force.”

Ford reaches down and squishes Dipper to his side in a one armed hug as they head out the door. “Both fine qualities Mabel possesses. And I’m sure it is much easier to make friends if you aren’t sneezing on them.”

“Alright,” laughs Dipper, snatching the shopping bag away from Ford and jogging ahead. “Let’s get Mabel to summon the Hat Man.”

—

Stan’s congested voice filters hazily through the screen back door of the shack as Dipper and Ford approach.

“There I was, head full of unfamiliar pollen, having just downed a cap of the nastiest allergy medication man has ever invented.” He pauses and clears his throat a couple times, a phlegmy and painful sound that makes everyone within listening distance wince sympathetically. “Anyway, I heard a rustling out back. Thought it was raccoons again, but when I slammed open the back door there was a little man hanging over the lip of the garbage can, feet kicking in the air!”

Mabel laughs delightedly and Ford pushes through the door to find her sitting criss-cross in front of Stan, shaking a box of tissues at him as he tells his tale. Stan ignores her in favor of sniffing loudly, voice becoming even more stuffed. “*Well,* I thought to myself, since I’d only been in town a few weeks and didn’t know the weirdness extended beyond the borders of this weirdo house. *Well. Glad to know the meds are working!* Then I turned right back around and went to bed. Slept for two days straight and when I woke up the little pests had tipped over the recycling bin and turned it into some sort of temple.”

Ford chuckles and bends down to kiss the top of Mabel’s head. “I had to buy bear-proof locks my first year out here. Not sure where they ended up.”

Mabel flops backward onto the floor, sticking out one leg in an attempt to trip Dipper as he hands Stan the box of allergy meds. “Maybe Multi-bear stole them in a scheme to learn lockpicking. Does he know how to pick locks now?”

Dipper, having danced around Mabel’s wiggling foot, shrugs. “Maybe? I should ask him. It’s a good skill to have. That’s not important right now though,” his eyes take on an excited gleam. “Mabel, I need you to do me a huge favor. Something really important.”

Mabel nods emphatically, sensing the energy from her twin and attempting to match it.

“I need you to harness the power of your allergies and summon… *The Hat Man!”* Dipper leans forward, lowering his voice in a mock whisper. “I wanna interview him. No one has ever done it before but since I don’t need allergy meds I can’t do it. So you gotta.”

Behind them, Stan groans, already tossing back a dose of meds with the dregs of his coffee. “Not sure I wanna see the hat man today, kids. He was bad enough when I was little and I’ve seen enough nightmare fuel in my sixty years on this earth that he’s probably worse now.” He tosses the pill bottle at Mabel, who snatches it out of the air with barely a glance.

“Dunno, Grunkle Stan, maybe he’s mellowed out. Maybe he’ll be nice since I’m here.” She makes her eyes very wide and doe-like, though the effect is ruined by the ease with which she dry swallows the allergy meds. Dipper winces but she smugly ignores him. “I’m young and impressionable. Surely he won’t have to do much to frighten me.”

“I take back what I said,” grumbles Dipper, scrambling to his feet and heading for the door. “Don’t summon the Hat Man, you’ll probably scare *him.* I know you scare *me.”*

Mabel grins at him. “It’s my job and bro bro I am *getting that bread.”*

“Sometimes I wish I could fire you,” says Dipper, but there’s fondness in his tone. “Grunkle Ford and I are heading back out to take pollen samples. If the hat man does show up, could you at least ask him why?”

“Yeah,” Mabel gives him a thumbs up. “Not sure if he will, since I’ve never seen him before and I’ve taken allergy meds tons of times.”

Dipper shrugs. “Worth a shot.” He chews his lip for a second then darts forward and gives Mabel a hug. “Feel better, ok? We’ll be back with samples and maybe we can make some better and more powerful allergy meds with them!”

Then he’s gone, his and Ford’s shadows disappearing into the woods beyond the Shack. Mabel stays flopped on the floor, staring at the dark stained wood of the ceiling as she flails a hand towards her knitting basket.

“I’m sad they didn’t get to interview the hat man, Dip Dop was so excited…”

A loud snore answers her and she cranes her neck to squint up at her sleeping grunkle, already taken to benadryl dreamland. As she watches, a long thin hand detaches from the shadow of the corner, curling over the back of Stan’s chair.

“They are aware I’ve been here the whole time, aren’t they?” It muses to itself, voice like brittle tree branches.

Two voices, young and old, groan tiredly. “Nobody asked you.”

A ball of yarn hits the wall beside the figure and the shadow dissolves into powdery laughter. Mabel sighs. Maybe next time.

Middle of the K's

Huoyd

"Mabel, come *on,* we're going to be late!" Dipper's voice rings out through the house, their parents having long since left without them.

It had taken a lot of effort to convince their parents that they could drive themselves to their own graduation, and he wasn't about to ruin it by being late. As hard as Mabel seems to be trying to make them no-shows.

"Mabel!" He calls after another moment of no sister appearing at the top of the stairs.

Finally, she comes out of her room. She's sticking one diploma shaped earring through her ear, while the other dangles off her finger. Dipper is about ready to walk to the top of the stairs and push her down them before she finally starts making her way down.

"Calm down, bro-bro, the ceremony isn't even for another hour!" She tells him as she grabs her bag and stops at the mirror by the front door to put her other earring in.

"We still need to get our gowns and get lined up, Mabel, which means we need to leave… five minutes ago! Come *on!"* He grabs her by the hand and pulls her outside, and down to the car.

It's an old model, very old, but he and Stan had spent every summer since he turned 15 fixing it up until he had been able to drive it home from Oregon last Christmas, so Dipper wouldn't trade it for the world.

"You're such a fuddy duddy, Dipper, we still have lots of time." Mabel rolls her eyes as she gets in.

Dipper returns the motion in kind. "I also want to say hi to Grunkle Stan and Great Uncle Ford before we go in." He tells her, only to receive a laugh in return.

"Oh *please,* if those two don't barge into the auditorium in the middle of the K's, then they've been replaced by evil doppelgangers. Again."

"Let's just go already."

Sure enough, as Mabel and Dipper get to the school, their uncles are nowhere in sight. Their parents seem irritated at the fact, but it hardly surprises the twins and they're left to assure their parents that they'll be there before going to get their gowns and get in line.

It's only as they're sitting on stage, the spotlights far too hot for what's already an overly warm Californian spring day, the presenter making his way through the J last names, does the auditorium door

burst open.

Light shines in from the hallway, and the unmistakable figures of their uncles' silhouettes appear.

Mabel smirks as she leans in towards Dipper. "Hey, look, they're early." She says with a snicker and Dipper can't help but to join in as they hear Stan's voice attempt to whisper as they make their way to their seats.

"Watch it. Coming through. Move your feet. Hey, watch it, lady, I didn't travel halfway across the world just for you to get pushy with me!"

"Stanley, just sit down." Came the hushed voice of Ford, and finally their uncles were seated.

The presenter waits for a moment, and then with a slightly more irritated voice, continues on where he left off.

By some miracle, they don't hear their great uncles' voices again until Dipper and Mabel themselves are making their way across the stage, Stan and Ford cheering the loudest of any of the relatives in the auditorium.

It's about an hour later, the diplomas all handed out, that Dipper and Mabel find themselves in the courtyard, trying to flag down anyone in their family.

It's not exactly difficult.

Stan and Ford look like they had been through Hell and high water to get there that day. Their hair is a mess, they both have five o'clock shadows if not worse, and their hair is a little more than grown out from their time at sea.

But they wouldn't trade them for the world.

"Grunkle Stan! Grunkle Ford!" Mabel calls out, Dipper right behind her as they crash into their uncles for hugs.

"Kids!" Stan yells, wrapping his arms tight around Mabel as they embrace.

After a few seconds like that, the younger set of twins yell out, "Switch!" before pulling away just to give the opposite Grunkle a hug. Once they get their fill, they each pull back, smiling up at them brightly.

"You guys made it!" Mabel says excitedly, as Dipper smirks.

"Barely." He adds on, and Stan scoffs.

"Barely?! They were only at the J's! We had five more letters to go!" He says, a playful indignation in his words as he punches Dipper lightly in the shoulder.

Ford has the mind to at least look a bit apologetic.

"We really did try to get here earlier, but apparently there are some

new laws concerning the importing of certain goods into America that I was not made aware of and Stanley had no intention of regarding." He offers his brother a glare, clearly a place of malcontent at the moment, but Stan waves him off.

"If you had just gone with my cover story we would have been right on time!"

"Your cover story was pretending we were foreign dignitaries to get out of paying the fines, Stanley."

"And it would have worked!"

Ford takes a deep breath, reaching up to pinch the bridge of his nose before looking back at Dipper and Mabel with a smile.

"The important thing is that we made it, and we are so proud of you two! Graduating with honours, the both of you, and getting into your first choice of schools!"

"With scholarships." Mabel adds on, and Stan laughs, reaching over to give her a pat on the back.

"That's my girl! You're gonna be the star of that fancy pants fashion school you got into."

"You know it." She agrees, standing a little straighter in her pride.

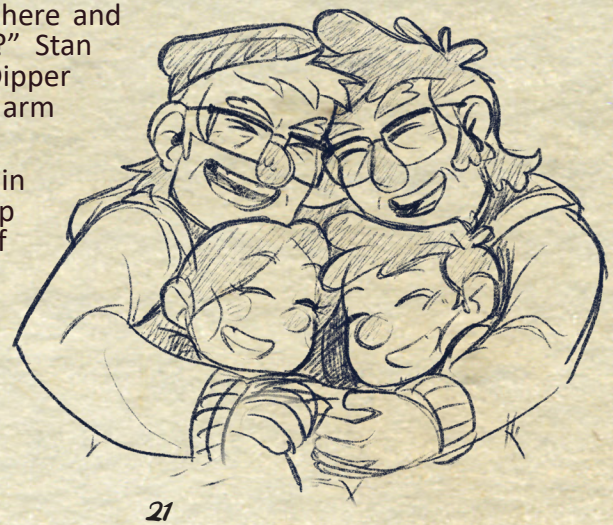
"And you Dipper, CalTech for their Paranormal Sciences Degree. You'll excel well beyond your peers, I'm sure."

"Yeah, West Coast Tech made me an offer, but their judgement can be pretty shoddy." Dipper's comment has Ford laughing, moving to wrap an arm around his shoulders.

"It can't be too shoddy if they were asking you to join their campus." He tells him, smiling over at Mabel as Ford moves to wrap an arm around her shoulders.

"Let's say we go find your parents so we can get out of here and grab some grub, huh?" Stan suggests, and both Dipper and Mabel pump an arm into the air.

"Yeah!" They say in unison, as the group walks off in search of the rest of their family.



See yah
Soon!

Summer

Table of Contents

30. DIARY ENTRY BY FORDTATO
34. COMIC BY SEWERREPTILE
38. FIC BY SHERLOCKFREAK
42. ART BY C H E R R Y
43. ART BY APPLESTEINIE
44. ART BY EJ
45. ART BY LISON ANIMATION
46. FIC BY STARRY
50. COMIC BY CATO SWARS
53. ART BY BEXATTHEDESK
54. ART BY SIILIPOISS
55. ART BY JACKYJACKDRAWS
56. ART BY CBMAGUS49

Dear Dipper and Mabel

fordtato

We'll be back in time for your summer visit, (we might even beat this letter, who knows — we're dropping it off at a post office in Newfoundland, so let's see if those hippie mounties can stop chugging maple syrup long enough to get it to you.)

But the important thing is, we'll be just in time to pick you up at the bus station at Gravity Falls — no thanks to Ford!

So yesterday, we're partway to Prince Edward Island when the entire ship gets locked in place. At first I thought we hit those siren rocks again, and I thought I finally had something to look forward to (I know they're fish people, but YOU try looking at nothing but Ford's ugly mug all day and you'll take any variety you can get!)

Stan, we have the same mug.

But this was no siren. This big ugly serpent *thing* jumps out of the water, and it wraps its tail around the ship—scared the ~~shit~~ holy mackerel out of me! It had to be the size of a skyscraper or something! *It was 30 feet at most.*

So my first thought is, alright, let's give it a knuckle sandwich. But then the thing talks!

It has this nasally grating voice and it starts prattling on about us not passing until we "answer these Riddles Three" and I'm telling Ford we don't have time for this! What we SHOULD have done is just kick it in the gills and be on our way, but nooo, Mr. Big Brain wants to see if he could pass the stupid riddles. So I take a seat and tune out for a nap, because if we're sitting here playing with riddles I might as well not hurt my back doing it.

So 20 minutes later there's a clap of thunder and I hear that stupid nasally voice laughing because my genius brother *apparently* failed all of the riddles, and *APPARENTLY* he agreed that if he lost, the serpent got to eat him?! Why would he agree to that?!

I didn't think I'd lose, Stanley! This is like the 5th riddle-making beast we've encountered this month! I figured I had good odds...

So I jump in: double or nothing! If I lose, the serpent

gets us both. He can eat my gamey excuse for a brother and then have me for dessert! If I pass, the serpent has to give us a prize, and we get left alone. Ford turns to me and he's all "are you sure, Stanley? I'm sooooo smart and soooooo cool and I can do a backflip! But you're dumb as rocks! If I didn't solve the riddle, do you really think YOU can?" but I figure it would at least buy Ford some time to sneak away and grab a harpoon while the thing was distracted.

I did not, in fact, say this.

And so the serpent agrees and he hisses out the first riddle. I don't remember exactly how it goes, so I'll let Ford jot it down here:

A Fox once broke the barrier of time,
but while he was there, he made a mistake.
He took 30 steps backward and made 55,
but what ride to get there did he take?

You kids won't believe this, but I knew it right away. Because maybe Ford wasn't here in '85, but I sure was! And back then, *Back to the Future* was the biggest movie of the summer.That's when I realized these weren't even riddles, they were summer blockbuster trivia. This serpent wasn't some ancient being of wisdom or whatever, he was just a movie buff!

You kids should have seen the look on Ford's face when the serpent said I got it right. His jaw hit the ocean floor. I'm tellin' you, he was stuck like that so long I think a seagull almost started nesting in it.

So the serpent is trying not to look ~~pis~~ peeved, but he's got no poker face when he spits out the second riddle:

Giants roamed and electric fences failed,
Women were transfixed when the gold bloom was revealed.
Your enemies are clever in this tale
But when you stand still, what can't see its meal?

That gold bloom line almost stumped me, but it was easy enough, and when I said "T Rex" it was the serpent's turn to look shocked. I was actually worried for a second there that it would just eat me instead of giving the last riddle, but I guess it was a matter of pride at that point because he kept going with the game.

Stan has since shown me clips of this film on The YouTubes. While its accuracy leaves a lot to be desired, I will admit that Jeff Goldblum is magnetic here.

They left from Matamata for Ruapehu in the 2001st winter,
But at the door of the mines they found themselves hindered.
All 9 were stuck, with a burden at the center

What word did they only need speak to enter?

So at this point I'm stuck. I have no idea ~~what the fu~~ what in the name of Paul Bunyan a Matoto-Matato or a Rua-whatever even is! And then Ford tells me that these are places in New Zealand.

But that turns something on in my brain.

So a while back, after I hired Soos, the kid would go on and on about this hot new movie trilogy that was coming out, and he'd ramble nonstop about how they made an entire town set in New Zealand.

I'd actually been considering a trip to Mount Ruapehu in the future. I wonder if the Pouakai is real — there have been rumored sightings there...

I remember enough to know that it's the *Lord of the Rings*, but for the life of me I can't remember anything about the stupid mines. That old guy died there, right? Gary, or *Gandalf*. whatever? Look, the point is, I mostly napped through it when Soos dragged me to the theaters, and even if I didn't, Soos wasn't on the boat to jog my memory!

And so I tell Ford, "*Fellowship of the Rings* came out in 2001 and it was filmed in New Zealand," and I'm sure to mention that the serpent's cheating, because this one wasn't even a summer blockbuster like the others, *Fellowship* had a holiday release — but at the end of the day while I don't know the answer to the riddle, Ford might, because he was obsessed with those books back in the day.

Dipper, I consider you not telling me about the Lord of the Rings films a deep betrayal, one that will only be absolved if you watch them all with me this summer!

Ford (after having a downright conniption that no one told him about these movies), luckily, remembers the books well enough, and he tells the serpent, "The answer is 'Friend.' They only need to speak 'Friend' and enter. 'Mellon,' if you need the answer in Elvish."

He answers in ELVISH! We barely made it through customs in the Netherlands because he couldn't remember enough Dutch to explain the metal plate in his head, but the guy speaks Elvish just fine!

Anyways, that's how your Grunkle Stan single-handedly defeated a sea serpent with nothing more than his wits and charm! For my troubles, the serpent fished out our prize. I guess someone dropped a crate of knock-off cartoon movies into the bottom of the ocean? *Plaything Tale? An Arachnid's Life? Ascension Adventure With a Sad Old Man?* I left one in this envelope- hope you like *Ratatoing*, Pumpkin! It's got an animal on it!

See you soon!

Stanley Pines, Destroyer of Serpents, and your Grunkle Fish Food

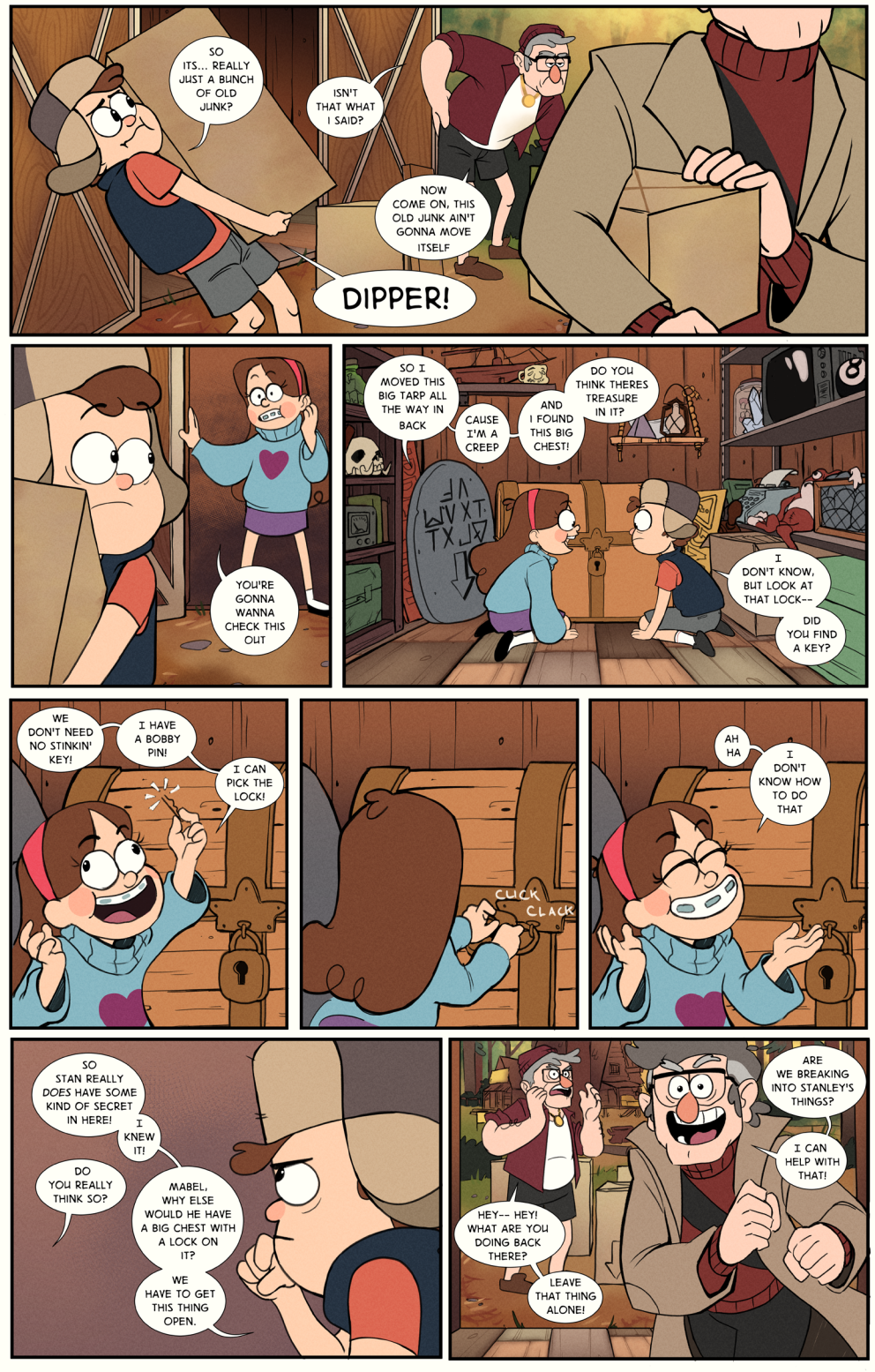
Stanley, I killed 3 serpents last week alone.

P.S.

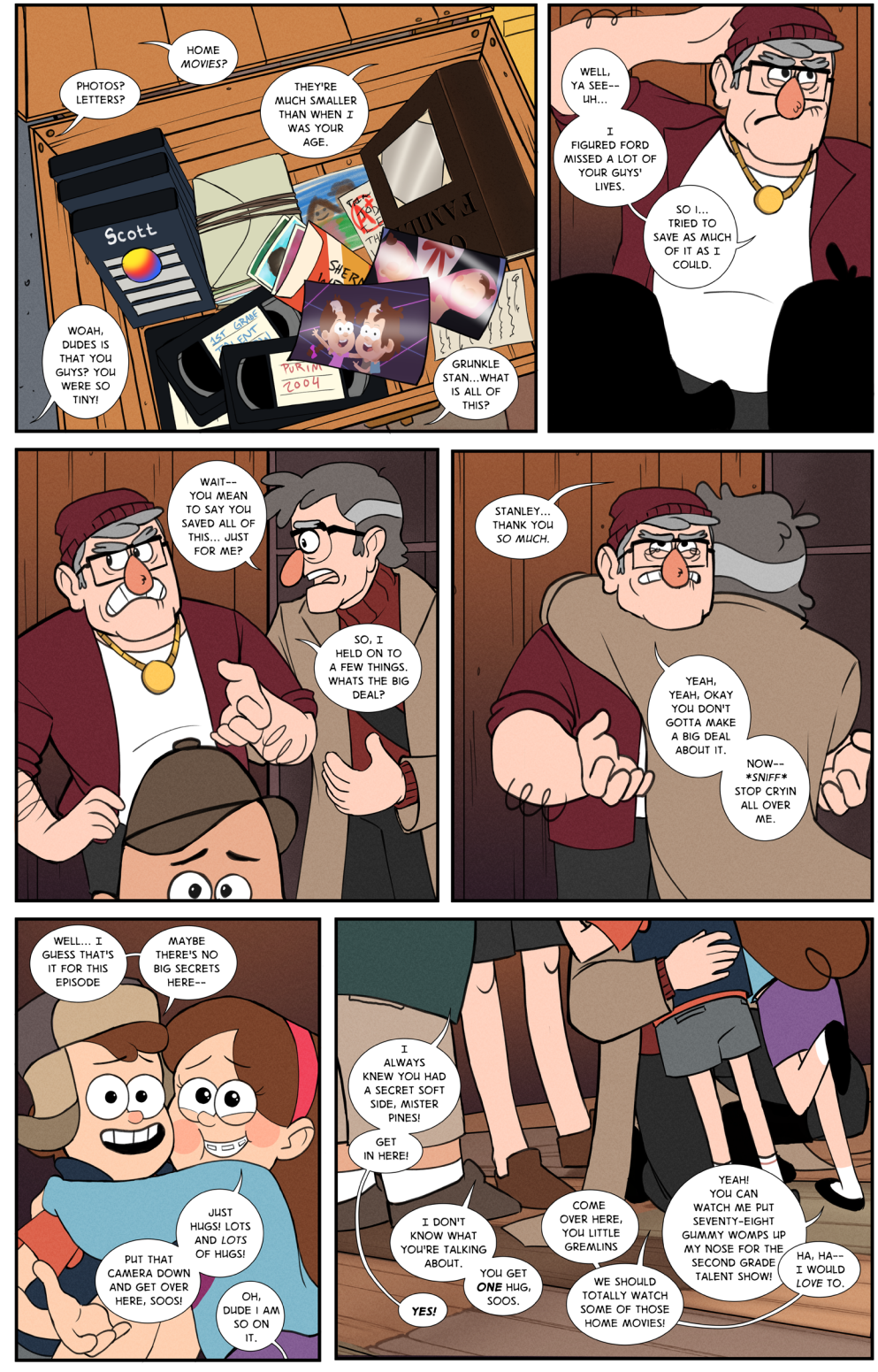
Ford, I know you're reading this before dropping it off, you nosy ~~bast~~ guy. Left you a code: li brx fdq uhdg wklv brxu d qhug"

brx'uh

WELCOME TO DIPPER'S GUIDE TO THE UNEXPLAINED.
NOW?
NO, NOT YET MABEL.
ANOMOLY NUMBER TWO-HUNDRED AND EIGHTY SEVEN--
DIPPER'S GUIDE TO THE UNEXPLAINED #287 "THE SHED"
--THE SHED.
THEY'RE NOT NEFARIOUS. I DIDN'T WANT TO CLEAN IT OUT.
WHAT DO YOU THINK WE'LL FIND, GRUNKLE FORD?
WITH STANLEY, I IMAGINE IT COULD BE ANYTHING...
GRUNKLE STAN HAS BEEN SUPER CAGEY ABOUT THIS SHED SINCE LAST SUMMER.
I BELEIVE HIS REASONS TO BE NEFARIOUS. (SOOS, THIS WAY).
YOU GOT IT DAWG!
OH, THE SHED? YEAH, ITS FULL OF WEIRD STUFF!
AT LEAST I THINK IT IS. MR. PINES NEVER LETS IN THERE!
IT'S PROBABLY JUST FULL OF HIS WEIRD OLD MAN JUNK.
IT'S REALLY NOT THAT DEEP.
STANLEY HAS SOME OF THE STRANGEST ARTIFACTS I'VE EVER SEEN AND I STUDIED THIS TOWN FOR SIX YEARS.
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HE HAS IN THERE.
ONCE I TRIED TO PUT A SHOVEL IN THERE AND HE CHASED ME AROUND WITH THE LEAF BLOWER!
BUT MAYE HE'S GOT SOMETHING REALLY FREAKY, LIKE A DEAD BODY!
I MEAN THEY USED TO CALL THIS PLACE THE MURDER HUT, RIGHT? IT WOULD MAKE TOTAL SENSE.
OH, WHATEVER IT IS, I HOPE IT'S SOMETHING TERRIBLY EMBARASSING.


SO ITS... REALLY JUST A BUNCH OF OLD JUNK?
ISN'T THAT WHAT I SAID?
NOW COME ON, THIS OLD JUNK AIN'T GONNA MOVE ITSELF
DIPPER!
YOU'RE GONNA WANNA CHECK THIS OUT
SO I MOVED THIS BIG TARP ALL THE WAY IN BACK
CAUSE I'M A CREEP
AND I FOUND THIS BIG CHEST!
DO YOU THINK THERES TREASURE IN IT?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT LOOK AT THAT LOCK--
DID YOU FIND A KEY?
WE DON'T NEED NO STINKIN' KEY!
I HAVE A BOBBY PIN!
I CAN PICK THE LOCK!
CLICK CLACK
AH HA
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DO THAT
SO STAN REALLY DOES HAVE SOME KIND OF SECRET IN HERE!
I KNEW IT!
DO YOU REALLY THINK SO?
MABEL, WHY ELSE WOULD HE HAVE A BIG CHEST WITH A LOCK ON IT?
WE HAVE TO GET THIS THING OPEN.
ARE WE BREAKING INTO STANLEY'S THINGS?
I CAN HELP WITH THAT!
HEY-- HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK THERE?
LEAVE THAT THING ALONE!

C'MON KID, GET OFF!
NO!
THERE'S NOTHING IN THERE!
GO, MABEL! HE CAN'T HOLD OUT FOREVER!
WELCOME BACK TO DIPPER'S HANDBOOK TO WEIRD STUFF!
HE'S TOTALLY LYING, KEEP HOLDING ON!
WE'RE BEING SILLY. THERE'S NO NEED FOR ALL THIS FIGHTING!
I CAN JUST SHOOT THE LOCK OFF AND--
STOP IT!
HEY!
TOSS!
TWIST
VERY MATURE, STANLEY.
HEY, DUDES. CHECK OUT THIS HUGE KEY, HA HA!
WOULDN'T IT BE CRAZY IF THAT WAS THE EXACT KEY YOU WERE LOOKING FOR?
DIPPER, GO! I'LL HOLD HIM OFF!
GET OFFA ME, YOU MANIAC!
NO, DIPPER WAIT! THATS SOME OTHER COMICALLY LARGE KEY!
GO, DIPPER, GO!
OPEN IT! OPEN IT! OPEN IT!
CLICK
CLACK
FWOOSH
WOAH!


PHOTOS? LETTERS?
HOME MOVIES?
THEY'RE MUCH SMALLER THAN WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.
Scott
WOAH, DUDES IS THAT YOU GUYS? YOU WERE SO TINY!
GRUNKLE STAN...WHAT IS ALL OF THIS?
PURIM 2004
WELL, YA SEE-- UH...
I FIGURED FORD MISSED A LOT OF YOUR GUYS' LIVES.
SO I... TRIED TO SAVE AS MUCH OF IT AS I COULD.
WAIT-- YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU SAVED ALL OF THIS... JUST FOR ME?
SO, I HELD ON TO A FEW THINGS. WHATS THE BIG DEAL?
STANLEY... THANK YOU SO MUCH.
YEAH, YEAH, OKAY YOU DON'T GOTTA MAKE A BIG DEAL ABOUT IT.
NOW-- *SNIFF* STOP CRYIN ALL OVER ME.
WELL... I GUESS THAT'S IT FOR THIS EPISODE
MAYBE THERE'S NO BIG SECRETS HERE--
JUST HUGS! LOTS AND LOTS OF HUGS!
PUT THAT CAMERA DOWN AND GET OVER HERE, SOOS!
OH, DUDE I AM SO ON IT.
I ALWAYS KNEW YOU HAD A SECRET SOFT SIDE, MISTER PINES!
GET IN HERE!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
YES!
YOU GET ONE HUG, SOOS.
COME OVER HERE, YOU LITTLE GREMLINS
WE SHOULD TOTALLY WATCH SOME OF THOSE HOME MOVIES!
YEAH! YOU CAN WATCH ME PUT SEVENTY-EIGHT GUMMY WOMPS UP MY NOSE FOR THE SECOND GRADE TALENT SHOW!
HA, HA-- I WOULD LOVE TO.

Stormy Weather Ain't So Bad

sherlockfreak

Ford stood on the front porch, a loaded backpack sitting at his feet. Stan shouldered his way through the screen door carrying a cooler. "You ready to load up, Poindexter?"

Ford didn't answer, staring off in silence.

"Stanford?"

"I don't like the look of those clouds."

Stan put the cooler down and joined his brother in scrutinizing the sky. "Yeesh, looks like one heck of a storm." As if on cue, there was a brief flash of lightning, followed by the rumble of thunder.

From inside, another kind of thunder could be heard—that of two sets of small feet running excitedly down the stairs.

"Hike! Hike! Hike!" Dipper and Mabel came bursting through the screen door, arms thrown over their heads.

"Who's ready for the greatest, most awesome day of grunkle-niecephew bonding EVER?!" Mabel shouted.

Stan and Ford turned to face the kids. "Uhh, about that—" Stan was interrupted by another, much louder crack of thunder, causing everyone to jump (except for Stan, because you didn't see anything and besides, you can't prove it). Rain started to patter against the roof of the Shack.

"Maybe it's one of those quick summer showers?" Dipper offered hopefully. Immediately the rain picked up in intensity, accompanied by more thunder and lightning.

"Aw man!" Mabel said, coming up to stand between her grunkles. "I was really looking forward to our day of grunkle-niecephew bonding!"

Ford put his hand on her shoulder. "I'm sorry, my dear. We'll just have to find another activity for today."

"Oh!" Dipper perked up. "We could have a movie marathon!"

Stan clapped him on the back, "Now there's an idea! Sittin' on my butt in front of the TV is my favorite activity!"

"One that you get more than enough of," Ford said, rolling his eyes fondly.

"I'm making up for lost time, Sixer! We don't have a TV on the boat!"

Ford patted his brother on the shoulder, "Yes, well, let's go inside before your television withdrawal gets any worse, then."

As the family started gathering their things to go back in the house, there was a blinding flash of light, a thunderous boom, and the porch light went out.

"Uh oh," Stan said, and hurried inside. Before the other three could do

more than look at each other, he was back. "Well, the power's out."

Dipper and Mabel groaned in unison.

"Don't worry, kids. I've got a generator down in the basement. We'll be back up and running in no time!"

"Actually, Stanley, you don't." Three sets of eyes turned to Ford. Blushing slightly and rubbing the back of his neck self-consciously, he continued. "I gave it to Fiddleford last summer to use in one of his projects."

"Seriously, Stanford?"

"It was no longer needed! I appreciate the fact that you had it to keep the computers running during your efforts to repair the portal, but with it's removal, I saw no reason to keep it!"

Stan looked unimpressed. "This is the reason, Ford. Storms. We're in the middle of the woods—the power goes out." Ford blushed harder and looked down at his boots.

Sighing, Stan threw an arm around his brother's shoulders and squeezed. "Buck up, it's not the end of the world. We'll replace it next time we're in town." Ford gave him a small, grateful smile.

Dipper and Mabel moved over to the battered porch couch. "So, what do we do now?"

Stan picked up the cooler and carried it over to join them. "Well, I dunno about you nerds, but I'm gonna kick back and watch the rain." Grabbing a Pitt Cola, Stan dropped onto the couch with an exaggerated groan.

Looking at each other and shrugging, Dipper sat next to Stan and pulled a new Sibling Brothers book out of his pack to read. Mabel sat at Stan's feet and was soon surrounded by an array of scrapbooking materials.

Ford stood uncertainly for a moment, toying with the idea of going inside and attempting to fix the power problem, before joining his niece on the floor. Pulling his current journal out of one of his coat pockets, he began to write.

The storm continued unabated for some time, rain pounding against the roof, obscuring the view of the forest across the lawn. Lightning flashed and thunder rumbled from the purple clouds, shaking the boards beneath their feet. Slowly, the intensity lessened and the lightning and thunder faded into the distance.

Stan dozed, listening to the patter of the rain, Dipper tucked into his side.

Mabel huffed from the floor, hunching over, struggling to keep drops of rain from falling onto the pages of her scrapbook. Something thick and heavy flumped on top of her, like a weighted blanket. Sitting up, she saw Ford had shrugged off his trench coat and draped it over her to act like a shield from the wind and the wet. Smiling brightly, braces on full display, Mabel thanked her uncle and got back to work.

Suddenly, something darted across the lawn and flew under the porch beneath their feet.

"Woah!"

"Holy Moses!"

"What was that?!"

"I don't know, Ford said, "I didn't get a clear look at it."

Hopping to the ground, Ford made to crawl under the porch, when something prodded his head. Looking up, he blinked at the baseball bat Stan held out to him.

"Hey, Brainiac, don't go into a tiny, dark space after who knows what without protection."

Shaking his head, Ford pulled out a flashlight to help him peer into the crawlspace. "Well, what have we here? Oh, I wish I had some marshmallows to lure you out!"

"On it!"

Ford startled at Mabel's cry, bumping his head. Peering back over the porch, Mabel thrust a large bag of jumbo marshmallows from her pack at him.

"Why do you have these in your bag?"

Mabel looked at him, deadly serious, "I am always prepared for s'mores, Grunkle Ford. Always."

Ford chuckled, "Thank you, Mabel. With these, I believe we can entice our little friend to come out of hiding."

"Hey! Don't bring some dirty wild animal up here!" Stan protested.

"Says the man who kept an opossum in our childhood bedroom."

"Shanklin was a beloved member of the family, thank you very much."

Smiling, Ford tore open the bag of marshmallows and tossed one into the darkness. Stan and the kids heard movement below them, followed by crackling noises.

"That's it," Ford said softly, laying a trail of marshmallows up the steps and onto the porch.

The crackling got louder and something like a fat spider the size of a housecat slowly crawled out of the darkness and up the steps. After the last marshmallow disappeared, the creature shook itself and suddenly burst into flames.

"May I present—the scampfire!"

Mabel cooed at it, smooshing her cheeks "It's so cute!"

Dipper leaned forward to get a better look, "I remember seeing them in your journal, but we never saw one last summer."

Ford slipped into lecturer mode, "They're fascinating, mischievous little creatures. And quite fond of human food, especially marshmallows."

He threw another sugary treat to the creature, which burned a little brighter for a moment.

"Uhh, should we be worried about this thing burning the house down?"

"No, no," Ford waved a hand dismissively, "it's perfectly safe."

"Yeah, sure," Stan muttered.

Ford told Dipper and Mabel all about the scampfire's habit of inhabiting campgrounds, pretending to be an ordinary fire, then stealing unsuspecting campers' food right off their toasting forks.

This gave Stan an idea.

Digging around in the cooler, he pulled out a package. "I wonder if it likes hot dogs?"

Breaking the end off one, he tossed it to the scampfire.

The creature poked at the chunk of food with one of its log-like legs. Then it settled over the hot dog and again, briefly burned brighter. Stan realized that must happen when it eats. Huh. Weird.

Apparently it liked the hot dog, because it scuttled closer to Stan and seemed to look up at him expectantly.

"Alright, here's the deal Sparky—I'll give you some more snacks if you help me cook 'em. Agreed?"

The scampfire circled around and then settled down, folding its legs beneath it.

"That's what I'm talkin' about! Come on, you three. Let's eat."

Mabel cleared her scrapbooking supplies and they settled around the couch, roasting hot dogs and marshmallows over the scampfire, making sure to give the little creature its share.

Dipper started a storytelling game where each person adds a new sentence onto that of the last person, ending up with a tale that gets wilder and more outlandish at every turn.

Finally, the rain stopped, and the humidity settled in. The ground steamed in the sunlight starting to break through the clouds.

The smell of wet earth filled their nostrils—"Petrichor," Ford was quick to inform them.

In the middle of another story, Mabel noticed the scampire's flames had died down, slowly growing brighter and then fading again.

"Is it okay, Grunkle Ford?" she asked anxiously.

Ford examined it and suddenly his eyes widened, "I- I think it's sleeping! I've never observed this before! How fascinating!" Pulling out his journal once again, Ford started furiously taking notes, muttering to himself under his breath.

Dipper pulled his own journal out to take his own notes, while Mabel had produced an instant camera from her bag and started taking photos of both the sleeping scampfire and the two scientists at work.

Stan looked at his family, smiling fondly. It may not have been the day they'd planned, but he couldn't deny that it had ended up being a pretty great one anyway.

Any disappointment they might have felt about power outages or ruined plans were long forgotten in the joy of just being together.

MIGTHY
PINES

MYSTERY
SHACK
SUMMERWEN SALE
MYSTERY
SHACK
WORLD
FAMOUS
ENTER
GIFT

Wave Hello to the End of the Beginning

Starry

The bus seat is still lumpy as always; even shifting back and forth isn't helping anymore, but the excitement that Dipper feels can barely even compare to what waits for him at the end of this adventure. "Next year, when we can pay for our own car and get our license, we're driving the entire way." He calls out to his twin, doing his best to relax with his giant duffle bag next to him. "We're not taking the bus!"

Mabel pops up, her bedazzled eye mask and neck pillow (which Dipper feels like defeats the purpose of it, but whatever) catching the afternoon sun and sending rainbows all over the inside of the bus. "Good idea, Dip!"

Not even the faint air conditioning can deter Dipper as he calls out, "Countdown?" There's a pause as Mabel tilts her head, and Dipper recalls how many times they've asked in the past few months.

This is a fun idea the two have been doing ever since they left Gravity Falls after New Year's, where they somehow convinced their parents to let them go back to Oregon in the winter. After dealing with a pack of werewolves who misjudged their property line due to the amount of snow that coated the town, they've been growing more and more desperate to return back home.

(And they don't know when they considered Gravity Falls over Piedmont their home, but there was a time, of course, when their parents had finally signed the divorce papers, and all Dipper and Mabel could think about was how excited they were to hang up new things in their attic bedroom, desperate to return to the magic that coated their fingertips and settled into their bones.)

Summer is their prime. It's the golden season, with plenty of trips with the Grunkles and countless timers set till the next time they set foot into the Shack. Tourists cram into the Shack, craving the unfairly priced merchandise, and Dipper and Mabel get to be *free.*

"About 11 and a half hours!" Mabel chirps back, giving him a thumbs up with the eye mask still on. This countdown has gone down over the past few months, the adrenaline making them even more excited and calendar dates getting crossed off.

Piedmont to Gravity Falls is nearly the same equivalent as San Francisco to Portland, so Dipper makes the mental calculations and

cracks open a journal. In strange twin fashion, he spends the first half of the trip writing and theorizing what he wants to delve into when they arrive, and Mabel will sleep and snore in the back of the bus.

Eight hours remaining on the bus, after Dipper inevitably dozes off, Mabel keeps an eye out and scrapbooks their most recent adventure to show off to the Grunkles. It's their foolproof method to ensure no dream demons will lurk at the edge of their consciousness, or in case a Karen gets too close to their seats.

It's happened before, especially when the twins are exhausted and being harassed in their dreams. Going to Gravity Falls has always been a good deterrent to whatever's going on in California, since they can actually speak the language of "something awful happened to us, and no one else is going to understand."

A lady had aggressively moved Mabel's bag out of the way to the bathroom and sent her into a panic attack, hyperventilating. Dipper had jumped out of his chair and nearly swung on the lady out of instinct.

After a bunch of apologies and calming the situation down, the twins now sleep in shifts. It's the only thing that works for them nowadays.

Five hours remaining on the bus, Mabel makes a run for the awful bathroom and Dipper runs his hands over his own handmade journal, blue with silver trim in a direct contrast to Ford's. He's written down endless questions to pester his great uncles with, made observations that he knows will be understood and theorized by anyone he asks. He's *heard* while he's in Gravity Falls, and Mabel's eccentricness is encouraged instead of stifled.

"Jeez," Mabel complains when she shuts the door behind her. "I'm glad I remembered to pack our three-ply toilet paper! What would this place do without me, honestly? Smell disgusting AND look it too? Yuck! It definitely needed more glitter!"

"There'd be significantly less bedazzled seatbelts on all the buses in Oregon," Dipper says, fighting a smile when Mabel takes her rightful place next to him and shakes her fist in the air. "Whatever, Dipper! Just because you refuse to see the joy in bedazzled toilet paper—"

Ten minutes before they're set to get off, the twins have already grabbed their bags and gotten ready, vibrating all the while. They both felt the magic and glamor of Gravity Falls settle into their bodies as they kept driving past the pine trees, already anticipating their loved ones waiting at the side of the road.

"Two minutes," Mabel whispers a few minutes later, tears already building in the corners of her eyes. Dipper manages a noise of affirmation, trying to swallow the lump in his throat. The pine trees grow thicker with every moment, blurring together until the bus shudders and comes to a stop.

Sure enough, Grunkle Stan and Grunkle Ford stand at the bus stop, crossed arms and looking relatively relaxed. Candy's frantically waving with Grenda by her side, cheering when the bus stops and settles down. Wendy's cut her hair again, letting it reach her shoulders in their absence.

It has been five months and twenty days since Dipper has seen his family, and he still scrambles out of the bus like it's been ten years, nearly leaving his bag behind in the process. "GRUNKLES!" Mabel hollers, dropping every single one of her suitcases on the ground. She launches herself towards Grunkle Ford, already crying into his sweater, and Dipper finds himself swept up by Grunkle Stan.

"Welcome back, kiddo." Stan laughs joyfully, doing his best to pick Dipper up. "Hope you're ready to work! Wendy just got back from her trade school and the Mystery Shack is a wreck. Soos and Melody are busy with their kid, so they need you both big time."

"You sure you don't want us to scam someone first?" Dipper teases, then cackles when Stan smashes his hair down. "Yeesh kid, relax! You're not even on the clock yet! Always get paid first before you do any work."

"How you survived all these years, I'll never understand." Ford deadpans from where Mabel's still hanging off him. "Dipper my boy! It's good to see you! Let's maneuver Mabel around, and perhaps we can hug properly—ah, there we go."

Both his Grunkles smell like mothballs and dusty books as the twins are crushed by their older counterparts. It's the best feeling in the entire world as Dipper's axis aligns for the first time in months.

"GIRLS!" Mabel screams right into Dipper's ear as she disentangles herself and rushes over to her squad. "I missed you ladies so much! Oh my gosh, we absolutely need to have a sleepover tonight! Are we matching nail polishes?"

"Pacifica is demanding our presence when we have the chance to head down to Greasy's Diner," Wendy snorts, going in for a solid hug. In the back, Mabel and co. grab her bags and take off further into Gravity Falls. "She had a shift and couldn't find anyone to cover it, so we'll be headed there shortly. How's California going? Still giving teenagers a run for the money in high school?"

Dipper laughs, feeling more at ease already as Wendy hoists one of his bags on her shoulder. Stan and Ford bicker in the background about what they're having for dinner as a welcome back present. "We're both trying to, but Mabel's knocking her art projects out of the ballpark and I keep getting really high grades on my science exams. I got to exempt all my finals because of it."

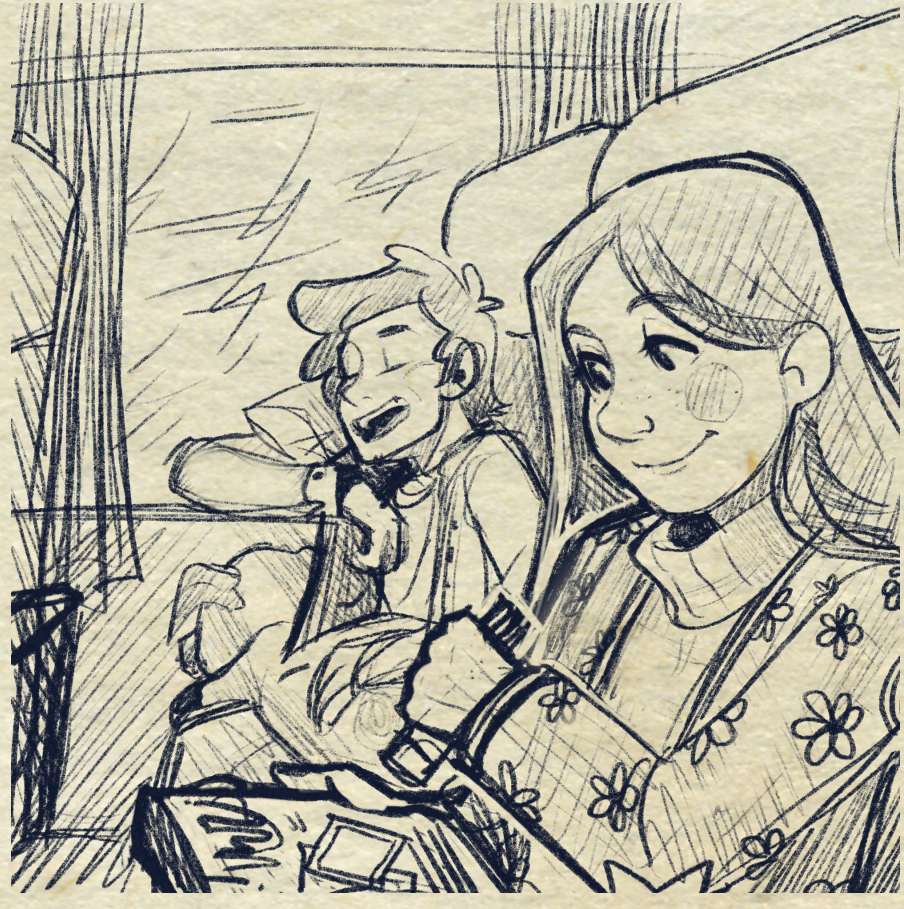
"Of course you did," Ford chimes in, sounding pleased. "You and Mabel are my blood, of course. Being academically gifted is what we

do! However, I think Stan may have me beat for your other incredible qualities. I still can't understand how Mabel manages to knit a sweater in under a week."

"I brought my journal, by the way." Dipper reaches into his vest and hands over the blue book, tugging his hat over his eyes momentarily as the other three gasp and remark how gorgeous it is. "And it's so well documented!" Ford praises, while Stan eyes down the scratch and sniff stickers coating it, courtesy of Mabel.

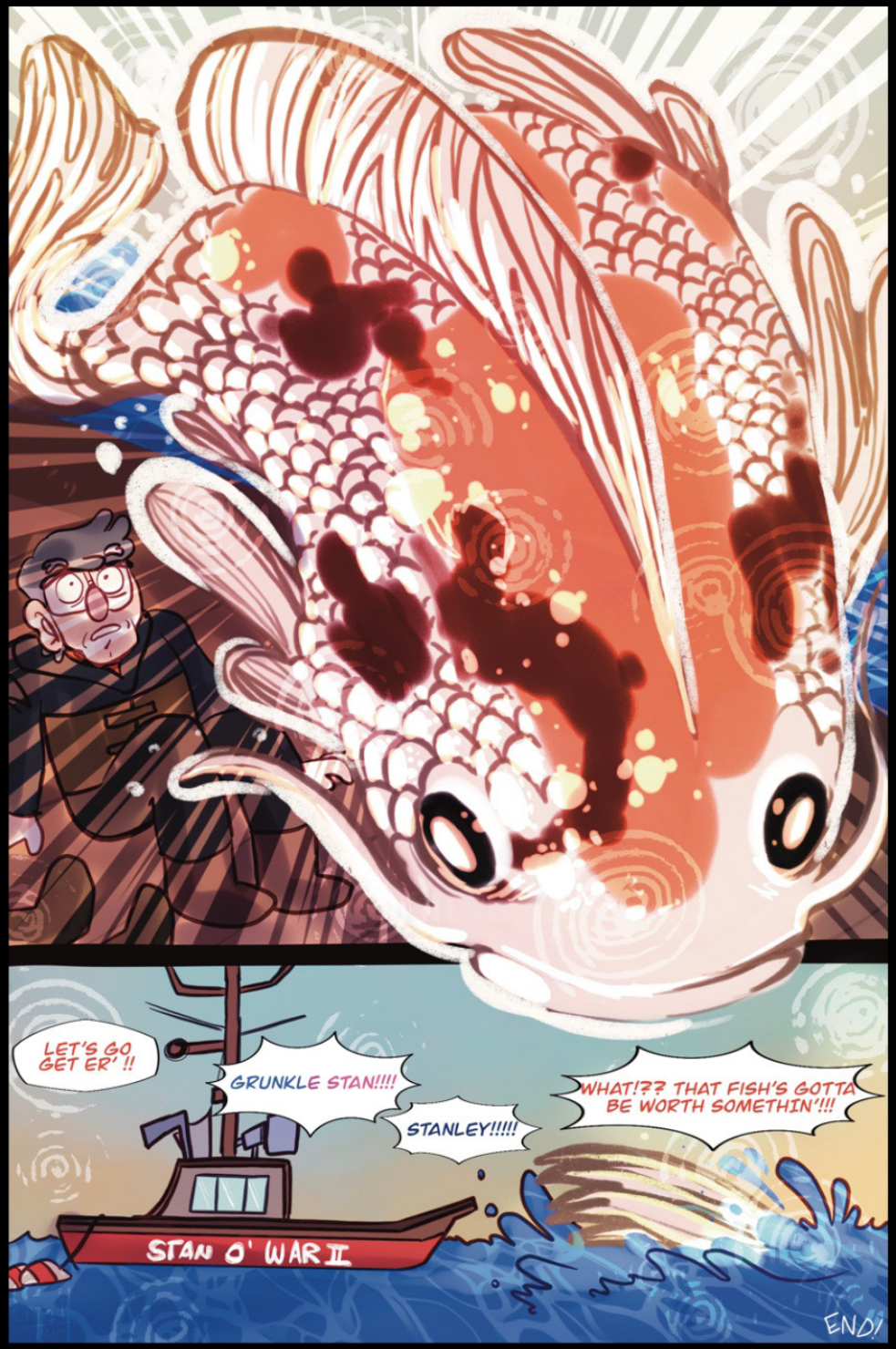
"Welcome home," Wendy says proudly, and Dipper turns back to Gravity Falls with the biggest smile on his face.

Welcome home, the woods whisper, and there's really no other place than Dipper would rather be.



JUNE 21ST, 20XX...
HELLO! DIPPER HERE!!
I'M CURRENTLY ABOARD THE STAN O' WAR II
WITH MY GREAT UNCLE STAN AND FORD, MABEL, AND WADDLES.
STAN O' WAR II
SO FAR IT'S BEEN A PRETTY RELAXING TIME!
WAAAY BETTER THAN LAST SUMMERS...WEIRD EVENTS.
I THINK I'M PRETTY CONTENT WIT-
AAAAAA!
HOLD ON MABEL!
HOLY MACKEREL!
DIPPER!! NEED A LITTLE HELP OVER HERE!!!!
OKAY
OKAY!!

HUUUUURRRRGG!!!!!
OOOFF!!
WUGHH!
ACK!!
WH-WHAT THE-


LET'S GO GET ER'!!
GRUNKLE STAN!!!!
STANLEY!!!!!
WHAT!?? THAT FISH'S GOTTA BE WORTH SOMETHIN'!!!
STAN O' WAR II
END!

BILL WUZ HERE

OTGVEBEU KJ TIG JAOF XUBTUIBP
ILASFZAO QW TIG JAOF
RFSFKUEO SLIWGIS
CGWOSG YIN
CBMAGUS49

Autumn

Table of Contents

60. DIARY BY NOUR386
63. ART BY ARTSYMEESHEE
64. ART BY RADICALBEARS
66. ART BY IVYSTARART
67. FIC BY CKRET2
71. ART BY URSACHAOTIC
72. ART BY COLONELBACONBITS
74. FIC BY IHYPERFIXATEDAGAIN
77. ART BY EREGYRN-FALLS
78. ART BY TIFF__BEE
79. ART BY SEALBATROSS
80. ART BY VINTAGEHONEYBEES
81. ART BY VILILAE
82. ART BY MAIDA

YARN MONSTER

Nour386

Hello Dipper's creepy journal 2 (or is this 9? He had journal 3 last time but he has a 1 on the front of this journal but this is his 2nd journal. How would you even count that?) I just finished fighting a giant sweater monster and Dipper said I had to write in his journal about it. I guess that's two things I'm an expert in! Just call me Mabel, Master Yarnster... Maybe I can think of something better. Anyway, here's the details on how to make (or really why you shouldn't make) a giant monster made of wool and sins.

This is MY first journal. I was just borrowing Great Uncle Ford's Journal

I was on the hunt for some new knitting supplies, and after the summer with Grunkle Stan my savings sniffer found me the deal of my dreams. Or really my nightmares!

skulls were a bit creepy. Robbie would have thought they were cool. You knew from the start and still bought them?

These knitting needles looked really innocent at first but when the shop keeper said that these needles would let me knit whatever my heart desired? And for under five dollars? Cha-ching! The shopkeeper was talking about the cost of being blinded by desire. I thought he was full of hoo-ey, 'cause who talks all cray-cray like that to a paying customer?

We have someone selling stuff like this right under my nose? You need to tell me where you found this place

Anyway, I didn't realize how right the shopkeeper was until waaay later. I took the needles home and started knitting. I was struggling with knitter's-block and these brand new needles were exactly what I needed to start back up again. I

knitted a really cute sweater with our kitten on the front. I was so fast it was like the needles were moving on their own, and when I came back from taking a break for some Mabel-juice. I saw that they were! Before bedtime I had a fully made sweater, it was almost perfect! The neck was as long as a sleeve though, and the cute kitty on the front also had four ears instead of two, but I thought that was just so he could hear me telling him how cute he was twice as well!

I went to find our kitty to show him the new work of art, but I couldn't find him. I thought he was just being shy like cats always are. But it was weird because our cat LOVES me! He loves me so much that he trusted Waddles when we first came back from our summer trip. He took months before he would trust mom or dad, and they're the ones who adopted him!

He likes me too! He curls up on my lap when I'm reading!

The next day I tried making another sweater, because what else am I going to knit? Mittens? I'm no grandma! Anyway, I thought about making a sweater with Dipper's face on it. It would be really helpful if we ever got lost and I needed to find him. But then my dad kicked down my door and said I had to go to school. He didn't even let me tell him about my important sweater work, my swork?

I should ask Grunkle Stan if I can trademark that!

Thanks to last night I at least knew that I would at least come home to a cool sweater to show Dipper tomorrow, but the weirdest thing happened in class; Dipper started to unravel! The string of his legs was slithering like a snake out the window. I jumped up and started following the yarn trail because I could tell this was a yarn crisis and you need a yarn expert. Hence Mabel the Yarn Expert was here to help in these kinds of situations! Mmm, maybe I need a better name... But anyway as I followed Dip's yarn, I found it leading into the window of my bedroom.

Right before my unsuspecting eyes were the knitting needles! Not only were they changing him to yarn but they were making him into some kind of nerd flesh sweater! The sweater looked super cute, but the chest was waaay too skinny, and the sleeves were too wide. I think the needles only knew what a sweater was as an idea, but couldn't make it properly unless I was there to fix it.

talk about useless

I tried to be sneaky, climbing in really slowly through the window. But then Dipper's yarn got caught around my ankle and tripped me over. Before I knew it. BAM! A giant yarn monster was staring down at me. It had horns (one was a goat horn like Gompers, but the other was a moose antler), big teeth (but none of them were

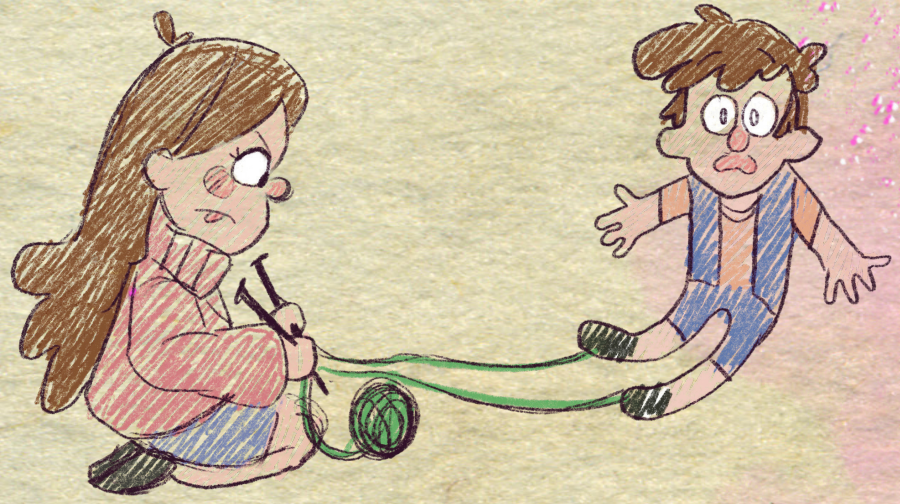
matching, closing its mouth would have hurt if it wasn't made of yarn!), and a really mean look in its eyes! (One of its eyes was definitely a cat's eye while the other was winking but sideways.)

As I was staring up at the scariest, coziest, and most dangerous beast I had ever faced, Dipper's mouth was pulled in through the window, shouting words of encouragement to me. I didn't have time to be scared. My brother was about to be knitted away! I jumped to the winking side, where the Monster couldn't see me, and ran for the needles. They tried to knit another monster to stop me but got stuck trying to give its talons cat claws.

But Monster Master can't be stopped by some poorly knitted beasts. I slipped between its incomplete claws and, with a stomp of my foot, the evil knitting needles were destroyed and the day was saved by Mabel: Master of Mysteries!

Now I need to help Dipper feel more like himself. Seeing as knitting got him all unraveled, I thought that I could knit him back together. With normal needles this time. He said to keep him normal, but he wouldn't mind some glitter being added. It might even help some of the girls look past that fact that he doesn't shower. And now that I think about it, our kitty might need some knitting too...

you took hours to get me back together! I missed tonight's episode of Professor Why!



RADICAL BEARS

Fall Spirit

ckret2

"You coming, Poindexter?"

Grunting, Ford dragged a chest onto the pier. "Just a minute!" He opened the chest to make sure its prisoner hadn't escaped—and there it was, the Book of Bill, nestled amongst some bricks to weight it down—then slammed the lid, locked it, wrapped two chains around it, padlocked them, and shoved the chest off the pier with his boot. It plunged into the bay. There.

Ford and Stan had sailed down to California to spend a weekend with Shermie's kid and the twins, and he did not want to deal with this book's nonsense. Hopefully it would take the book several days to find its way out of the Pacific.

"Ford?"

"Coming!" He followed Stan and tried to push the book from his mind. Maybe it would be easier to forget when he saw the kids.

Mabel groaned, "My backpack weighs a million pounds!" She made a show of slouching as she walked, as if she were at risk of collapsing to the sidewalk under the weight before she and Dipper could walk the last two blocks home. "I think the math and English teachers are competing over who can hand out the most homework."

"It's not that much," Dipper said.

"And why do they always assign more over the weekend! It's sadistic!"

"Because we have more free time?"

"To do things that aren't homework!" She sighed. "How much homework do you have?"

"I don't have any."

She stopped dead in her tracks. "What?! How!"

"I did it during band when the teacher was working with the woodwinds. Maybe if you did your homework during some of your clubs..."

"No can do, Dipper! There's no downtime during a yearbook meeting, it's nonstop action for a solid hour! And I'm in the zone during art club and improv, I can't think about equations. I've got no choice, I've gotta quit school so I can focus full time on my clubs. Trying to balance them is stressing me out too much."

Dipper snorted. Mabel had a crisis like this every fall, when her excitement over new classmates, extracurriculars, school supplies, and binder-and-locker decorating collided with the reality that a new school year came with school. "You'd be less stressed if you did your homework tonight."

"Definitely not," Mabel said. "I want to do a-ny-thing but think about homework! I need a distraction—oh hey Grunkle Stan and Grunkle Ford are here!"

She took off down the street, heading straight for the grunkles arriving at their front door.

Stan and Dipper quickly found plans: a local paranormal investigative group did tours of haunted hotspots around town, and Dipper needed an adult to take him. After reviewing the flier, Ford realized the tour leader was a fellow researcher with whom he had 35-year-old academic beef, and if he came along he'd probably start a fight and get them both kicked out. As Stan and Dipper headed out the door, Stan made some noise about picking up some corny haunted house ideas to help Soos boost fall tourism, but he clearly just wanted some one-on-one time with Dipper before he and Ford spent the weekend nerding out together.

"You didn't want to go?" Ford asked Mabel.

"Naaah, I'd rather hang out with you." She didn't want him to be alone. (Besides, she also figured she wouldn't be seeing much of Ford once Dipper got hold of him.) "And these ghost guys run these tours every fall! Dipper dragged me along last year. Three times."

Ford looked surprised. "Oh—I hadn't realized fall events were starting already. It's been a while since I've had an autumn."

"Whaaat! Did they not have fall in other universes?"

"Not like Earth's fall," Ford said. "It was one of the things I missed about home. Autumn was always my favorite season. The cooling weather... the changing colors... the start of a new school year promising exciting new educational opportunities..."

(Reminded of her homework, Mabel groaned in despair.)

Ford's smile faltered. "However, this year, I'm just... not feeling autumnal. Maybe I'm getting too old to enjoy the season." Or too distracted by other problems.

Somebody in Mabel's family didn't have a smiley face sticker in her mental happiness chart. She wasn't about to stand for that. "No way! I bet you're just out of practice celebrating Earth seasons! You need help getting into the fall spirit." She planted her hands on her hips. "Mabel-brand help!"

Ford chuckled. "I suppose it couldn't hurt—"

"Great!" Mabel grabbed his hand. "Come into my office!"

Her "office" happened to be the living room, where she'd plopped her basket full of yarn and knitting tools on the coffee table in front of the TV. She'd also grabbed an apple-scented candle, proudly lit it, and set it on the mantel, like an offering to the spirit of autumn. "Step one: sweaters!" Mabel tossed several yarn balls at Ford: red, burgundy, burnt orange, pumpkin orange, goldenrod, sunflower yellow, red again but this time with neat metallic copper strands mixed in... She grabbed her knitting needles and sat next to Ford. "You're a fellow sweater appreciator, so I know you know fall is the time when sweaters shine."

"That's true," Ford agreed, inspecting the yarn in his lap—and promptly getting distracted by the speed at which Mabel knitted.

"The first part of giving your clothes and decorations a fall feel is picking the right images! Like leaves and... um... it's mainly leaves until you get to the holidays. In October you can add spooky shapes!" Mabel dropped her voice to a whisper. "Sometimes I make leaves by copying the one on Canada's flag. Nobody notices if you make them orange and brown!"

"Ah. Very clever." Now Ford understood why he'd spotted orange construction paper Canadian maple leaves taped in the front window. He decided not to tell her he'd noticed.

"But the color scheme is just as important! You can look goth-y in October, but the rest of fall, you're working with red, orange, yellow, and brown—which is secretly dark orange but it has a different energy. Warm colors! But cool warm colors."

"'Cool warm colors'?" Ford echoed.

"Red and yellow are summer colors too, but summer red and yellow are hot warm colors. But in fall, they're... you know..." She grabbed up the balls of deeper, more muted warm-colored yarns in Ford's lap. "Cooool." She resumed her lightning-speed knitting. "I mean, imagine trying to wear that yellow in fall!" She kicked at a yarn ball on the coffee table. It was a yellow so eye-wateringly bright it almost seemed to bleach out toward white. "Total spring color! You'd look like you don't know what end of the planet you're on!"

Ford frowned uneasily at the too familiar shade of yellow. "No, I certainly can't see myself wearing that color." He let his gaze drop back to the colors Mabel had picked, and found the deeper yellows seemed much friendlier.

"You get it! This is the sort of subtle color theory a serious artist has to keep in mind, Grunkle Ford."

He chuckled. “Well, I appreciate the lesson. It’s been very educational. You’re right—now that you’ve pointed it out, I do see the difference between fall colors and... ‘warmer’ warm colors.

Mabel beamed up at him. “I knew you’d catch on quick. You’ve got an artist’s heart. Maybe later we can work on fall decorations together!” She nodded at a stack of construction paper and crayons she’d left sitting on the end of the coffee table. “You’re already a pro scrapbooker, you’ll be a natural at this! All those skills are transferrable.”

“A—a scrapbooker?” He wracked his brain trying to figure out what he’d done that looked like scrapbooking. “Do you mean my journals?”

“Sure! You write about the cool stuff you see so you’ll remember it, you stick in photos and letters and dead bugs and weird smears of ghost boogers...”

“Huh.” A scrapbook was very different from the documents of future scientific and historic importance he’d always pictured his journals as. But a document of great importance was something that would only have value in the far future. He’d pinned all their worth on something they might be—and so what were they worth if they never fulfilled that promise?

But what were scrapbooks for? Remembering your life, helping you connect with your loved ones. The journals had certainly done that. It was a comforting idea.

Ford was interrupted from his thoughts when Mabel shoved a completed sweater in his face. How did she do that so fast?

“Here! Try this on!”

Ford inspected himself and his new sweater in the bathroom mirror. It was a series of horizontal stripes, arranged in a sunset-like gradient from red down to yellowy gold, with a rusty brown pine tree dominating the front of it.

It was a very nice sweater, he gave it that; but was it helping him feel the spirit of the season?

He reached for that excited autumn feeling he used to have before he fell in the portal, and still couldn’t quite find it. As though something were blocking it.

He opened up his knapsack to put away his usual sweater, and the bathroom was filled with the smell of ocean water. Speak of the devil. Ford sighed.

He withdrew the Book of Bill, studied its blood red and soot black cover, and told it disapprovingly, “’Goth’ colors are for October. You’re early.” He wrapped the book in toilet paper and trudged from the room.

When Ford returned to the living room, Mabel was just finishing up a second sweater that matched Ford’s. Waddles, who was dozing between the coffee table and the TV, opened his eyes and oinked curiously when Ford passed him to pick up the candle and set the paper around the book on fire. The room filled with the stench of brine and burnt hair. He grimaced.

“Eww.” Mabel pulled on the sweater and covered her nose with the collar. “What is that?”

Ford tossed the book in the empty fireplace and shut the screen. “Just a cursed text I needed to dispose of.”

“It smells like zombie farts. Hold on, I’ll get more candles!” As Mabel ran to another room, she called back, “Well? What do you think!”

“Uh—” Ford tried to summon up all his seasonal spirit and focus on his sweater. “I love it—”

“Great! That means we can move on!” Mabel returned with two more candles, lit them, and set them next to the first. “Waddles! Make sure the house doesn’t burn down while we’re gone!” She scratched between his ears.

Waddles snorted contentedly and didn’t lift his head.

“Gone?” Ford asked, following as Mabel jogged to the front door. “Where are we going?”

“To step two—”

“—fall foods!” Mabel said. “Foods that warm you up are a traditional part of the season! Pumpkin pie, apple pie... pecan pie, um... things that aren’t pie...”

“Mushroom risotto?” Ford suggested.

Mabel grimaced. “I’mmm not a big fan of mushrooms, but—yeah, they’re pretty fall-y.” She gasped, “I should have put mushrooms around the bottoms of our sweaters! That would be sooo cuuute.”

“Oh, like a fairy ring.”

“I can add little fairies above the mushrooms! Perfect! That’ll be tomorrow’s sweater.”

Mabel had led Ford to an outdoor café. It was a lovely walk; the late afternoon was bright and clear, but there was a hint of coolness in the air; like the temperature hadn’t dropped yet, but was thinking about it really hard.

“So, why a café? Coffee’s more an all-year drink, isn’t it?”

“Maybe normal coffee,” Mabel said. “You’re about to have your mind blown! Allow me to introduce you to...” She gestured grandly at a

poster hanging in the café window. “Pumpkin spice lattes!”

Ford tried to make sense of that series of words. “They’re putting pumpkin in lattes now?”

“No, just the spice,” Mabel said. “Trust me! They put pumpkin spice in everything now. I’ve even got pumpkin spice lip gloss!” She tugged him by the hand into the café. “You’ll love it!”

A few minutes later, they emerged with one pumpkin spice latte each. “Try it,” Mabel said, before taking a deep drink from her own. “Ow, hot, hot coffee.”

“Careful, there.” Ford sipped his more cautiously.

Mabel waited with eyes riveted to Ford’s face for his reaction. When he gave a little you’ve-surpassed-my-expectations “huh,” she broke into a wide grin. “Welcome to the wonders of the 21st century!”

“That’s really good. I wouldn’t have guessed.” He took another sip.

Mabel took a celebratory sip to congratulate herself on recruiting Ford to Team Pumpkin Spice before he had time to learn the silly controversy around it. “I knew you’d like it! No one can resist the power of pumpkin spice.”

“Usually I drink coffee for the caffeine content rather than the flavor. Not that I dislike the flavor of black coffee, but...” Hold on. Wasn’t a latte a lot of caffeine for a 13-year-old? “Are you allowed to drink coffee yet?”

Mabel looked up at him, vibrating slightly. “Yes,” she lied.

“Getting into the autumn spirit, step three: homework!” Mabel dumped her backpack out onto the dining room table. “Since one of your favorite parts of fall is new classes, I thought doing some homework would remind you of all those good times! And it juuust so happens that I’ve got a whole weekend’s worth.”

Seated across from Mabel, Ford laced his hands on the table, raised a brow, and said, “I don’t suppose you’re trying to trick me into doing your homework.”

Mabel sucked her cheeks in and tried to think of a way to dig herself out of such a harsh, unflattering, and completely accurate accusation. “As a favor to you?” She gave Ford her most winning smile.

A smile tugged at the corner of his mouth. “I don’t think so.”

Mabel sighed. “It was worth a shot! Crafts would probably be more fun anyway.” She gathered up her construction paper and crayons from the living room. “Let me think... We could make a paper leaf wreath? You cut out the middle of a paper plate, glue on a bunch of paper leaves...”

She trailed off. Ford had picked up her math textbook and flipped to the page she’d bookmarked with a notebook paper. “You’re converting fractions into decimals? That’s fairly simple.” (Yeah, it would be to him.) “I know some tricks to simplify it.”

“Oh,” Mabel said, sensing which way the wind was turning but trying to remain optimistic. “Great! Sooo, you can stay here, and I’ll—”

“Sit down,” Ford said. “I’ll help you with it.” The look in his eyes said this wasn’t a suggestion. It’s Homework Time. There’s No Escape.

Mabel groaned loudly, sat down, and dropped her face onto the table. She mumbled, “Thanks, Grunkle Ford.”

“You’re welcome.” He started skimming the lesson. “Will Dipper need to do his homework too?”

“Nah, he finished it during band.”

“Ah! Excellent. I used to do my homework before I got home, too,” Ford said. “I’d work on it at chess club while waiting for my opponents to make their moves. For some reason, no one else seemed to appreciate my efficiency.”

In the middle of trying to explain to Mabel how to simplify fractions, it dawned on Ford that, at last, it really felt like fall. The familiar comfort of loose-leaf notebook paper, textbooks, and solving a neatly numbered list of equations took him right back to that new school year feeling. The coffee and new sweater had certainly helped, and the candles (which Waddles had dutifully monitored while they were gone) had done their job, making the house smell like apples, cinnamon, and a fragrance mysteriously named “Cozy”; but apparently homework had been the last thing he needed to get in the autumn spirit.

Halfway through, the front door burst open and quickly slammed. Dipper and Stan’s hushed voices drifted from the entryway, “Are they still following us?” “I think we shook ‘em in the graveyard—”

Ford called, “Everything all right?”

Voice shaken, Dipper called, “Yeah! Think we’ve got it handled.”

Stan called, “But you could have warned us that your buddy ‘faked’ his hauntings with a private ghost army!”

Ford frowned in displeasure that his academic rival’s necromancy theories had apparently been correct. “Well, if you need help dispelling any ghosts, we’re in the kitchen.”

“Thanks, Grunkle Ford!” Dipper and Stan headed to the bathroom to try to scrub the ectoplasm from their clothes.

“There!” Mabel slammed her math textbook. “Finished!”

“Well done,” Ford said. “That took no time at all. What’s next?”

“Engineering.”

Ford gave her a startled look. “En—engineering?”

“I’ve got to calculate volts and ohms and junk and I keep getting them switched around,” Mabel griped.

“I didn’t know you were interested in engineering.”

“I’ve gotta up my sweater game, Grunkle Ford! I’m ready to move past lightbulb sweaters. By winter break?” She pounded a fist on the table. “Multi-lightbulb sweaters! I’m making a Hanukkah sweater with candles on a timer!”

“Ambitious! I’m sure you’ll get it working.” Mabel’s backpack was on Ford’s side of the table, so he opened it to check for a book on engineering—

And saw a book that definitely shouldn’t have been there.

Needy today, wasn’t it? Ford quickly pulled out the Book of Bill so it couldn’t infect Mabel’s schoolbooks and stuffed it in an inner coat pocket. There. The thing wouldn’t try to teleport around from in there; he could ignore it properly now. He wasn’t wasting any more time on its attention-seeking antics. He was enjoying a nice fall evening with his family, and that was what mattered to him.

Mabel hadn’t even noticed the book; she was getting more notebook paper from a sparkly pink cat binder. Ford pulled out the right textbook. “Now, where are you getting confused?”

He’d forgotten all about the other book by the time they found the right page and Ford started explaining how to calculate resistance.

Mystery's
Candy

What Lurks in the Darkness

ihyperfixatedagain

Dipper never thought about how cold Gravity Falls could be. Gravity Falls felt like an alternate dimension, frozen in time. A photo of summer, a time capsule of long days, heat and leisurely energy. Now it was crisp, a golden hue of autumn. They had a week in town during their school's fall break. But the town wasn't the same as they left it. The weirdness was accepted, but with a slight hush. *He* wasn't here anymore, but that didn't mean the fear of possibility was gone.

But nevermind all that.

"I still don't think this is a good idea," Mabel said from behind him.

Dipper stops, lowering the journal and pausing the clicking of his pen. "It's perfect, Mabel!" His voice laced with the same vigor it always has when a new endeavor has him enthralled. She knows him. His mind is made up, and when it is, it's nearly impossible to pull him away from whatever has him so eager. "Stan and Ford are still sorting through the anomalies they found at sea, so this helps them out!"

"They told us not to go near that house," she reminds him.

This gets him to stop walking. She has a point. They made them swear their first morning in town. *Don't go looking for trouble where there isn't any, kids. This town is still dangerous. You know that. Use your heads.*

Dipper mulls over his next words. "Because they think we're inexperienced," he says. "If we show them we're not, we won't be babied like that anymore. We had all summer with this town. We can hold our own."

Mabel's fingers find the hem of her sweater, and she rubs it between her index finger and her thumb. They resume walking.

Somewhere behind them, metal clanks on metal. Either a stray cat, a gnome, or McGucket. All reasonable options. The wind tugs at them, chilling their bodies in a way Gravity Falls never has before.

"Here's everything we know about the house," Dipper flips through the pages. "Ford guessed it was built in the 70s for a family of four, but they lived in the house for less than a month."

Mabel peered over his shoulder, analyzing his illustrations and notes. Leaves would occasionally fall from their branches, being carried by the wind a short distance before fluttering to the ground, landing delicately in the grass. "Why?"

He clicks his pen. "No one knows. Town rumor says something in the house made the father go crazy, then did the same for the rest of the family. But no one figured it out. They were there one day, then it was boarded up and vacant the next."

"Creepy," Mabel responds, dragging out the word in a long, exaggerated syllable. "Maybe a super hot vampire lived in their attic, and it bit them! First

the dad, then everyone else!"

Dipper stopped walking, turning to her with an incredulous look. "That's one of the most ridiculous things I've ever heard you say."

Mabel shrugs, a smile tugging on her lips. "Say what you want, but I am known to be one of the most skilled mystery-solvers out there."

Dipper rolls his eyes, turning to the looming house before them. It's worse at night. The wood is cracked, like at any moment, the house is a breath away from collapsing. Wooden planks barricade each window, with a long piece nailed across the door. The metal clanging doesn't stop.

"Soo, how are we getting in?" Mabel asks.

Dipper cocks his head. "Around back."

The feeling radiates between them. Neither of them have the courage to say they're nervous. Mabel follows Dipper into the grass until he stops at a window. The plank there has fallen, leaving a small crevice for them to squeeze into. Dipper pushes his bag through, then climbs in himself. Offering his hand, she takes it, and he pulls her inside.

Eyes adjusting, Dipper surveys the room. The layout is open, letting him see the living room, kitchen, and dining room. Most of the furniture is gone, their grooves etched in the floor. All that remains is a sofa with a gaping hole in the fabric, the counters, a single, broken stool, and the cabinets. One door hangs open, revealing dusty shelves. Everything with any value seemed to be gone, leaving a skeleton. A frame without a photo.

"If we want to find any paranormal activity, we're going to have to go to the basement."

"The basement?" Mabel gaped. *"Dipper,"* she groans as she follows him. He has no idea where he's going, but he stops at a door in the hallway. Rust has eaten away at the metal. When he reaches for it, it leaves flakes on his skin. The door opens with a whine, and he guides his sister down the first few stairs before stopping.

Below him, his flashlight illuminates the cement at the bottom. Dust particles dance in the light. It's like a gaping hole in the universe. He thinks for a moment, the silence almost suffocating. "Am I in over my head?"

"Maybe a little," Mabel replies. For once, she's not chastising or teasing. The words are objective, not shameful. "But that's okay! We can turn around. We tried, we thought better of it. Isn't that what investigators do? Turn around when-"

Slam.

The twins shriek as the sound reverberates in their chests. The flashlight slips from Dipper's grasp, clanging down the stairs and making the beam of light spin dizzyingly around the stairwell, then rolling away, leaving them in the pitch black. Instinctively, their hands scramble blindly, grasping until they find each other. They grab hold and squeeze. Dipper can hear his heartbeat slamming against his temples as he shakily leads his sister down the stairs until he finds where the flashlight drifted off to. He picks it up. Bile creeps up the back of his throat.

Chains hang on the cement walls, the loose ends swinging tauntingly back and forth. He realizes after a moment the room has no draft. Cobwebs are woven in the corners, large, intricate webs that only a big spider could have created. A wooden door is across the room, but he doubts it serves as a way out. It was misplaced. The wood wasn't as eroded by time as the rest of the wood in the house. It's new. His stomach sinks.

"Dipper," Mabel's whimper makes his heart wince. "I wanna go home."

He steels himself. Maybe he can't be brave for himself, but he can be brave for her. "I know," he focuses on keeping his voice steady. "It's okay, I got you. We'll get out of here, I promise. We'll go home."

"How are we getting home?" Her voice was getting louder with panic. "No one knows we're here, and we can't get out!" She hugs herself with her free hand. Before he can calm her, a bang from upstairs stuns them into silence. His heart lurches into his throat as the series of bangs from upstairs become more intense. Just as quickly, they stop, the sound of footsteps thudding across the floor taking their place. They're heavy and deliberate.

Putting a finger to his lips, Dipper pulls his sister further into the basement and presses his back against the wall, turning to peer around the corner to the bottom of the stairwell. He blocks her off with his hand. The footsteps get closer, then the banging resumes on the basement door, three heavy sets before he can hear the wood splinter and crack.

"I'm here Mabel," he whispers. "Nothing is going to happen as long as I'm here."

The footsteps thud down each stair in rapid succession. He has no weapon, but he refuses to be defenseless. *I'll fight them off myself if I have to.* He tenses his muscles, ready to pounce. The silhouettes land at the bottom. He watches as they exchange a glance.

"Kids!" One of them calls out.

His entire bravado crumbles. He knows that voice. "Grunkle Stan!" He shines the light in their direction. The men turn, then sprint across the basement and grab them both into a fierce embrace. Dipper's never been so grateful for a person's warmth before.

"We'll lecture you later," Stan's voice is gruffly tight, layered with worry. Not that he'd ever admit it.

"Let's get you two home," Ford agrees. "We'll talk about this tomorrow."

Dipper opens his mouth to respond, to agree and apologize and slew of other things at once, when the door behind him drifts open. He squeals into Ford's chest as Ford whips a ray gun from inside his coat. He aims it at the door.

It drifts open, a dark figure stepping out.

"Well butter my corn!" it says. "I didn't know we was havin' a Pines family reunion!" McGucket wanders into the room. "Howdy fellers!"

A beat of silence. Stan stands up, holding Mabel in his arms as he does so. "Not even gonna ask," he decides. "Come on kids, let's go home."

MYSTERY
GIFT SHOP
WHERE-WOLVES

A DAY PICKING MUSHRROMS

Family Photo!!

chanterelle

Boletus

amanita

russula

dipper & uncle ford discussing

Grumple Stan fell asleep

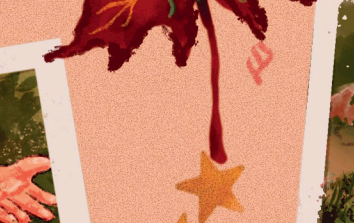
almost ate a poisonous mushie

champignon

pixie cup

fairy I made w/ sticks! miss fairy didn't like it

honey agaric



Winter

Table of Contents

86. DIARY BY MOTHEROFTHEUNIVERSE
90. ART BY ZARAK
91. ART BY H. HELLMAN
92. FIC BY OPTIMISTIC-VIOLINIST
96. ART BY TAZZAKAZZA
98. ART BY ELISHEVART
100. ART BY JAS
102. FIC BY HUOYD
105. ART BY MOCARRYARTS
106. ART BY PROCYOREN
107. ART BY STEPHREYNAART
108. ART BY BERRYBANANA
110. ART BY ATHGALLA
111. ART BY CAP
112. ART BY SHADEARTSTUFF

Saint Nicholas

MotheroftheUniverse

If one told me I would someday meet the real Saint Nicholas, I don't think I would've believed them. Sure, an alternate dimension where one does exist sounds feasible, but a Santa Claus in our own home dimension? I'd have several reasons to believe he wasn't real, with the most important one being that he never once came to visit us. Our pa broke the news of his mythos to us as soon as Stanley and I were old enough to understand what Santa Claus was, and that was all we ever heard of him in our household.

However, I was once again proven that anything could be possible during today's... frustrating encounter.

Because of an earlier mishap with our time tracking device (let the records show that it was Stanley's fault, not mine), for the past while we've had no way to keep track of the date or time. Which is why we were extremely surprised to find Christmas presents delivered to us on the deck of the Stan O' War. Even more perplexing was the fact that they seemingly came out of nowhere, though where specifically addressed to us. We were even given a small christmas tree and a menorah to go with it.

We examined these gifts with utmost scrutiny, but ultimately found they were benign. In fact, the gifts were toys we had begged for as children, but were never given. The fact that this, at the time, stranger seemed to know us so well concerned us. Stanley was convinced we were being stalked. He wouldn't admit it to me, but the thought disturbed him greatly; not that I was feeling any better.

Luckily, tracking down these gifts lead the two of us to something benevolent!

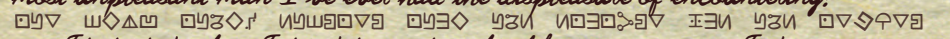
Santa Claus was just as the myths described him; Cherry nose, red suit, white beard, and a belly even bigger than even Stanley's!

(Don't tell him I said that).

Turns out that he'd been retired for a couple hundred years, leaving the tradition to be carried out by the children he had once delivered presents to. The reason we never got presents from Santa was because our parents didn't bother with such a task. A shame really.

Apparently, Claus saw it fit to take a break away from his retirement in order to deliver the two of us gifts as a thank you for saving the world from Bill Cipher. A sweet gesture, though Stanley is still unhappy that there's a "stranger" out there who knows so much about us. But if he wants to be a scrooge then that's his choice.

Claus was kind enough to personally introduce himself to us when we found him, as well as give us a full tour of his workshop. It was just as magical as the movies made it out to be! At the end of the tour, he allowed us to gather some of the leftover toys from this year's haul as gifts for Dipper and Mabel. Overall, my impression of Mr. Claus is one of respect; he is a gentle and kind man, who I would trust with my life.

He then introduced us to his head elf, Shortly, who is quite possibly the most unpleasant man I've ever had the displeasure of encountering! 

It started when I tried to capture his likeness on paper. I drew him exactly as he looked; a fat little creature with a melted-looking nose, wrinkles galore, and a severely receded hairline. Apparently, it wasn't good enough for him, as he declared my drawing offensive the moment he saw it. As if I was drawing him unflattering on purpose! It was just what he looked like!

When I expressed as much, he quickly took great offense. And then, even worse, he put me on the permanent naughty list! I decided I wasn't having it!

Stanley thought I was being petty. "The big guy doesn't even deliver presents no more anyways," He'd said. "It ain't like it means anything. Sides, all they make here is weird junk from the 60's," I think he was just looking for an excuse to get back to the boat. He'd spent our entire journey to the North Pole complaining bitterly about the cold, and then the entire tour complaining about how the smell of peppermint was strong enough to cause him allergies. I figure he's just unhappy I made him promise not to steal from this place.

But I've spent years developing these art skills, and I would not take

my sentence lying down.

First, I pleaded my case to Claus. Unfortunately, his alliance with the elves was in a rocky place, and negating a demand from their leader would be akin to declaring war. Stanley attempted to bring up my status as "hero" (as dumb as he thought this endeavor was, he made sure to support me during every second of it). It's quite sweet that my brother considers me heroic, despite everything. However, Claus could not endanger his alliance with the elves; apparently that would spell doom for the entirety of the north pole.

No matter. If I couldn't absolve my name in an honest manner, I could always turn to dishonest methods.

Both Stanley and I have had plenty of experience breaking and entering. Compared to the vault of fate on Lottocron 9, busting into the Hall of Naughty and Nice was child's play!

The guards had shift changes at every hour, which gave the two of us a simple thirty-second window to sneak into the list room. I was worried that the enchanted lock would've been an issue, but Stanley had decided to bring our poor Lockbody Mantis, Lockgus, with him. Our little friend made quick work of the locks, but I fear being kept in a jar tucked inside my brother's pants was a detriment to his mental health. ∃▲◻◫ψ◇ᒧ ∩◫∃◇⋙▲ƨ◇ ◇▽m▽◻ ∩▽▽◫▽◻ ◻m ◫ƨ◇◻

Getting my name removed from the naughty list was no small task. The names were written with magical ink, and finding the magical white-out took some time. Shortly, among being an unpleasant person, is also the least organized being I have ever come across. Nothing on his desk seemed to have a proper spot, and it was straddled with papers and unopened HR complaint letters!

Stanley had taken some time to snoop through the letters while I was searching for the white-out. It turns out that I'm not the only one who finds Shortly unpleasant; his entire work division seems to desire his removal.

I had only just managed to find the white-out when a worker elf entered the room. We needed a temporary escape, and unfortunately one lapse in judgment on both our parts led to us being caught.

In a rare moment of twintuition, Stanley and I declared, at the same

time, that the air vents would be the best hiding place. The duct was easy enough to remove, we just had to enter the vents to make our get-a-way.

Unfortunately we forgot to take into account that the vents were built to be elf sized, rather than man sized. Stanley ended up getting stuck half way, and we both were caught by the worker while I was attempting to pull him out.

Fortunately, I had a toy blaster, and a PhD in improvisation skills given to me by the Prifysgol o Shookspearia of Dimension 62-A itself! It was practically effortless to convince her I had a real gun!

So, technically, we held an innocent worker hostage at "gunpoint". Perhaps I deserved to be on the naughty list.

After... compelling her not to report our presence right away, I calmly explained the situation. The moment I mentioned Shortly, however, she seemed to have a few choice words about him and his apparent mis-management of the elven tribes that lived in the workshop.

That's when we had an even better idea than the air vents.

And so, we incited a rebellion. ◇ωo ◫ ƨ∃◫∩o o◻ƨ◫▽.

The elf we... commandeered was easily able to rally her workers union behind her, convincing them to start up a massive Elf Strike that would continue until Shortley was removed from power. When the strike didn't work, they tossed him down the present chute .

As a thank you for the encouragement we gave her, the elf took me off the permanent naughty list. However, both Stanley and I were placed on the temporary one for breaking and entering, as well as technically kidnapping. At least those are valid reasons.

When we finally left the North Pole, Mr. Claus said that, once we served our sentence, he'd be happy to deliver us presents for as long as we lived. He also told us to never come back to the North Pole again, since we did cause an uprising.

All things considered, I was extremely satisfied with how this trip went. Stanley remains displeased that we've got a "supernatural stalker", but I suppose you can't make everyone happy. I could've sworn, later that night, that I heard my brother muttering "bah humbug" in his sleep!

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MARSHMELLOW
COCOA
{Lodge rules}
* No smoking
* Clean before you leave
* No summoning demons
MEGA MATH

Something Snowspicious

optimistic-violinist

Something was definitely wrong with Dipper.

Ever since they had arrived back in Gravity Falls for winter break, he had been a grump! Well, more than normal, ayooo.

But seriously, Dipper had never been a fan of the cold. Unfortunately their parents loved it, so they would often make the six hour road trip to the nearest ski lodge during winter break, but even then, he was always willing to at least build a snowman or make Biblically accurate snow angels with her. Now he had barely moved from under his pile of blankets since they had gotten here! Even Grunkle Stan and Grunkle Ford were starting to notice, and his grumpy mood was starting to make them all miserable.

Mabel peered into the living room and watched for a minute as he glared at the TV from under his mound of blankets.

"Hey Dipper," she said, trying to sound casual. "Whatcha watching?"

"New *Ghost Harassers* special," he mumbled.

She plopped down on the floor in front of him. "How is it so far?"

"Dumb. This show makes no sense. They should've quit, like, 15 seasons ago."

"Okay, who are you and what have you done with my brother?"

It was meant to be a joke, but the withering glare Dipper gave her followed by a kick to the shoulder was enough to tell her he took it seriously. "Not funny, Mabel."

"Geez, who spit in your bean curd?"

"Spit in your—? McGucket is rubbing off on you."

"Says Mr. I-Asked-Him-For-Death-Robot-Plans-On-the-Second-Day-of-School."

His gaze darkened. "The PE teacher had it coming."

Reaching a hand from the blankets, he grabbed a handful of popcorn and shoved it in his mouth. He immediately sputtered, coughing and choking and spitting it out. He knocked the bowl off the table in the process. "This brand has *seriously* gone downhill; that was disgusting."

Curious, Mabel plucked a piece from the ground before popping it in her mouth. "Tastes fine to me."

"Yeah, well, your tastebuds suck."

She gasped. *"Rude.* My tastebuds are *highly refined."*

He rolled his eyes and made his hand talk in a mocking *mneh-mneh-mneh* gesture before burrowing deeper into the blankets. "Don't you have ugly holiday sweaters to go make or something?"

"Ooh! Good idea! I'll go bring my stuff down here. I can knit while we watch."

"No! I swear Mabel, if you bring your cheap, itchy, glitter infesting, *worthless yarn* down here, then I swear I am going to vomit all over it."

There. There it was. *Proof* that something was wrong with Dipper because even if he was freezing or sick or hurt, he would never say something like that to her.

"Fine." She got to her feet. "I'll go somewhere where my art is appreciated then."

Just as she was leaving the room she heard him mutter. "Yeah, good luck with that."

Mabel took a deep breath, putting her character development from last summer to good use, and decided she could punch her brother *after* she had broken whatever curse was on him. And she already had an idea of what that might be…

Grabbing her coat and scarf off the rack by the door, Mabel rushed out into the snow. If there was one place she would find answers it would be at… the *library!*

If Gravity Falls had looked quaint and hokey in the summer it looked downright picturesque in the winter. Strands of colored lights decorated every store front. Every house had at least one kitschy yard decoration whether it was an inflatable Santa, a tree sized menorah, or Diwali flower rangolis that covered the whole yard. Snow glittered on every surface, from the windowsills to the roofs to the gnomes' hats as they ran through town. The afternoon sky was overcast, promising more snow to come, and kinda made Mabel feel like the world was a snow globe— a good one this time. Convincing their parents to send them back to Gravity Falls for winter break had been a great idea.

At least, she hoped it had.

Mabel arrived at the library, stomping her boots in the entryway, and bounced over to the front desk.

"Fairytale section please!"

The librarian pointed her in the right direction and as Mabel began to browse the shelves, her thoughts wandered back to when they had first arrived.

The night they had arrived, they climbed onto the roof with their uncles to watch a surprise meteor shower that Grunkle Ford's sciency sensors had picked up. They had all oohed and ahhed at the glittery pieces of dust breaking up in the atmosphere. Grunkle Ford had said that nothing big enough would make it through to fall to earth, but she and Dipper had both been hopeful. How cool would it be to take home a space rock!

She hadn't thought it odd when Dipper winced and complained about something getting in his eye.

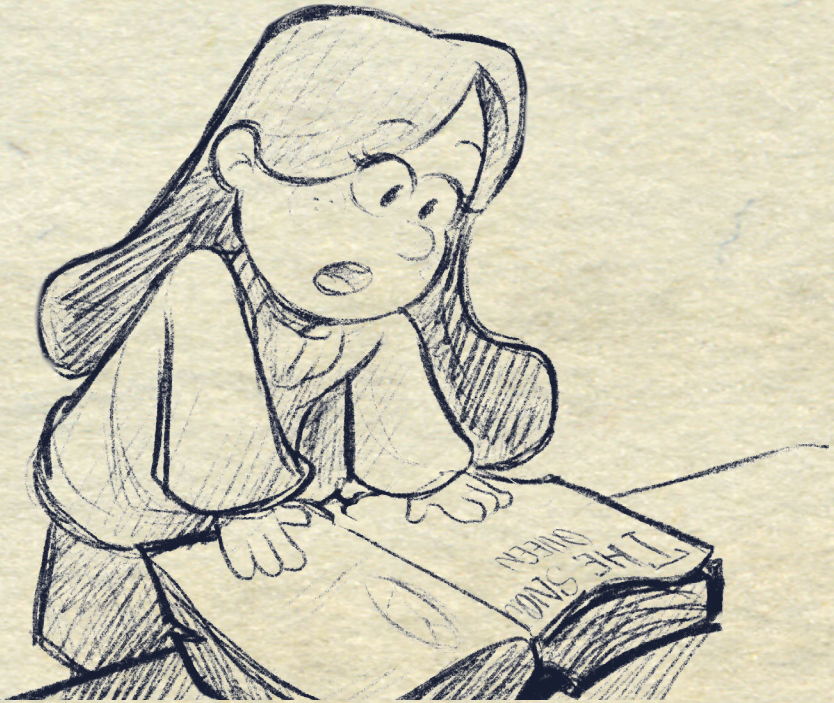
"Ha! Not surprised," Stan barked. "The roof's been falling apart since we left. Soos keeps saying he'll get to it, but pfft. It'll survive the winter. Probably. Snow and asbestos look the same anyway so just, uh, actually, don't tell your parents I said that."

Even though Ford had reassured them that he had *not* built the shack with asbestos, Dipper had spent the whole night grumbling about going blind and how the shack looked like it was going to fall apart on top of them. They had all chalked it up to being tired from the long bus ride and his eye hurting, but now…

"Aha!"

Pumping her fist quietly in triumph, Mabel pulled the book she was looking for off the shelf. *The Snow Queen.*

Maybe it hadn't been a meteor breaking up in the atmosphere. Maybe it had been the Devil's Mirror! Flipping through the book, she



found the page that talked about it— ooh, and it had pictures too!

The story said that one day, the Devil decided to make a mirror that would corrupt the view of whoever looked upon it. Anything beautiful became twisted and ugly. The Devil commanded his minions to fly the mirror up to heaven to mock the angels that lived there, but the higher they flew, the heavier it became, until they dropped it! The mirror shattered into a million bajillion pieces. Some were big, but some were super duper tiny and got in people's eyes, like the main character of the story!

And now Dipper.

In the end, Gerda had found Kai in the Snow Queen's palace and her tears had washed the speck of mirror out of his eye. So maybe…

Stan and Ford both jumped as Mabel slammed the door to the gift shop open shouting, "Grunkle Stan! Grunkle Ford! We need to make Dipper cry!"

The two old men exchanged a glance.

"Pumpkin, not that I don't love watching children cry, but why?"

She held the picture book open to the picture of the Devil's mirror and rattled off her explanation as fast as she could.

"So we need to make him cry! Or *maybe* we hold him down and cry *on* him. That's how they did it in the book. Maybe it has to be someone else's tears?"

"Mabel, are you sure about this? It seems kinda far-fetched…"

"I showed him a picture of Wendy and he said she looked like a troll doll."

"Holy Moses, so it *is* serious."

Ford interjected before Mabel could respond.

"While I do think this is worth pursuing, perhaps there's a simpler, less emotionally draining way to go about this. Maybe…" His gaze drifted outside and a thoughtful smile graced his face. "I may have an idea."

"Dipper! Dipper! Krampus is outside *right now*, let's *move!"*

Dipper spluttered as the blankets were roughly pulled out from under him and he tumbled to the living room floor.

"Ugh, Mabel!"

"Come on! We need to hurry if we want to catch it!"

"Didn't Grunkle Ford kill Krampus?"

"Technically it was McGucket, but that doesn't matter right now!"

Mabel was forcibly pushing him towards the door now. “He’s back and we’ve got to stop him!”

“Why us? Listen, if he’s going around eating kids, I’d rather it not be us, oka—”

SPLAT.

Dipper spluttered as the wet snowball dripped down his face.

“Yes! Direct hit!”

“Way to go, Grunkle Stan!”

“Thanks pumpkin!”

“Now hit him again!”

“What?!”

Dipper didn’t stand a chance as Mabel pushed him forward, off the front porch, and into the direct line of fire from both Ford and Stan.

“Really Stan? Did you have to soak the poor boy?”

“What? I thought that was the whole point of this.”

“Less talking, more snowfire!”

“You too, Mabel?!”

Dipper spluttered as he got a face full of powder from his own sister. Fine, if they wanted to gang up on him, he wasn’t going down without a fight!

He sprinted towards the corner of the shack and out of the direct line of fire before making another break for it towards the totem pole.

“Don’t let him get away!”

The totem pole didn’t provide a lot of cover, but it was enough for him to make a small pile of snowballs, not caring if he packed them with rocks and twigs in his haste to retaliate. He heard footsteps approaching and waited, waited— NOW!

Ford reeled back as the slushy, gritty snowball hit him right in the face, obscuring his view and allowing Dipper to slip by him and begin pelting Stan who was coming up fast behind him.

With the two old men shouting creative expletives, Dipper headed back towards the shack and where he had last seen Mabel. He needed to have a *word,* (and by word, he meant ~~fist~~ snowball fight), with her.

Moving as quietly as he could, Dipper crept low along the edge of the front porch until he caught a glimpse of a lit up Christmas sweater, (that couldn’t be safe getting soaked with snow), and struck!

Mabel must have seen him coming though because just as he lobbed his snowball he got a face full of powder himself that knocked him on his butt. Gosh, getting snow in your eyes should not hurt that badly. Maybe Stan was right about the asbestos…

“Shoot! Dipper, are you okay? I didn’t expect you to be, like, right there.”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m fine. You?”

He finally managed to clear away the snow and blink at his grinning sister.

“Never better. Want to team up?”

Dipper couldn’t help but grin in response. “Heck yeah.”

Without much time, the mystery twins got to creating a worthy arsenal while their uncles recovered.

“Where is the little punk? I don’t care if he’s cursed or whatever, I’m gonna cream him.”

“Curse?” Dipper asked.

“Don’t worry about it. Charge!”

With reckless abandon, the twins charged, flinging snowballs left and right, screaming incoherently. The Stans were clearly not expecting to be ganged up on if their cries of betrayal were anything to go by. But they recovered quickly and soon the front yard was turned into a veritable Snowmaggedon. At some point Ford acquired a handheld snowball cannon while Mabel and Dipper formed a General Grievous-like formation to become a four-armed snowball throwing machine.

Dipper was sitting on Mabel’s shoulders in said formation when Stan pulled his arm back and launched his snowball with all the force a man his age could muster. It hit Dipper’s face so hard he went flying off of Mabel’s shoulders and landed with an “oof” in a conveniently placed snowbank.

“Do I need to hit him again?” Stan asked as he and Ford jogged over to check on him. “Or do we need to, uh, cry on him, like you said?”

Mabel smiled up at him. “I think he’s got that taken care of.”

Sure enough, Dipper was laughing so hard that tears were streaming down his cheeks and showed no sign of stopping, and it brought a smile to the rest of their faces as well.

“I do think that’s enough for now,” Ford said. “Let’s get in out of the cold.”

“Come on, bro bro.” Mabel helped Dipper to his feet.

“Thanks.” Another giggle escaped as he wiped the tears from his face and the two stumbled towards the shack. “So what was that earlier about a curse?”

“Bro, do I have a story for you.”

Jas

Let It Snow

Huoyd

"Man, Dipper, I've been having so much fun here that I didn't even realize that it was ending soon!" Mabel throws her arms into the air dramatically before falling back against her bed.

The younger set of Pines twins were currently holed up in the attic of the Mystery Shack, having returned to their Grunkle's for winter break while their parents were in Florida visiting their grandparents. The attic was surprisingly cozy for December in Oregon, and neither twin was ready to leave it. Especially when compared to the snowless, not hot, not cold winters of California.

"We knew it would only be for two weeks, Mabel." Dipper tells his sister, trying to be mature while a melencholy air couldn't help but slip into his voice. He attempts to pack up the gifts they had gotten while here. They had to get a whole separate suitcase to get them onto the bus, which felt bittersweet. It always did when they were leaving their friends and family behind.

Sure, they have friends and family in California too, it just isn't the same.

Mabel lets out another sigh. "I just wish there was a way for us to stay longer, you know?" She says. "I'm not talking months, or even weeks, but maybe another couple of days. Just so I can do everything I wanted to do. Like a board game night while it snows outside, and finishing Waddle's little snow suit before he doesn't have any snow to use it in!" As Mable finishes her lament, she flips over onto her stomach to look at her brother like he has the answers to all of her problems.

Which he just might.

"Maybe there's a way we can." He says as he stands up. "Not for too long, we can't miss *that much* school, but an extra week of vacation never hurt anyone, right?"

Mabel sits up, a mischievous smile already on her face. "What's going on in that nerd brain of yours, bro-bro?"

Dipper moves to his bed, reaching under his pillow for the journal he had been making of his own. Recreations of the entries Ford had originally written, mixed with some new ones of his own.

He leafs through it, coming upon something he only remembered in part, but remembered enough to at least sketch it out with some basic information. He flips the journal around to show his sister the rough sketch of the weather spell he'd made.

"How do you feel about a snow day?"

To both twins' surprise, the spell works.

Mabel had gotten semi cold-feet, mind the pun, about it half way through Dipper drawing out symbols on the ground. It all seemed a bit too *Zombie apocalypse* to her, but sure enough, once Dipper had recited the magic words, snow had started falling from the sky.

A couple hours later found them both sitting in the living room of the shack, sipping away at hot chocolate while Stan spoke to their parents on the phone.

"Yes, they're safe, of course they're safe. I know you're from California, but it's just snow, not the end of the world." A pause as their parents reply, before Stan laughs nervously. "Oh, they told you about that, huh? Well it's not the end of the world *this time.* I promise. They'll just be here until the roads are clear and the buses are running." Another pause. "It's one week of school, what are they really going to miss? I didn't even finish school and- Well, actually… You know what, forget I mentioned that, just know that we will get them back as soon and safely as possible, okay?"

One more pause before Stan is holding the phone out to them. "Tell your parents you love them."

"We love you, mom!"

"We'll see you soon, dad!"

Stan takes the phone back, "See? They're fine. Okay. Yeah, take care."

As soon as the phone is hung up, both Stan and Ford level the twins with a look.

"Alright, fessin' up time, what'd you two do?"

Mabel gasps dramatically, a hand pressing to her chest as she does. "I have no *idea* what you're talking about! How on *Earth* could we have caused this massive snowstorm!"

Ford looks at Dipper, an unimpressed (but also slightly impressed) look on his face. "Weather spell?"

"Yeah, I remembered it from the journal." Dipper's response is instantaneous, knowing that they've already been caught.

Ford sighs. "I don't know if I should be upset or impressed. Or both. Regardless, the two of you should be safer with your spells. Do you even know when this storm is going to end? Or what damage it could do?" He asks them, and Mabel waves him off.

"Oh, come on, Grunkle Ford, it's just a little snow. What's the worst

that could happen?" As she finishes saying the words, the lights flicker, and then the power cuts.

"Pumpkin, I love you, but of all the things you could have said-"

Ford gives another sigh as he starts to make his way out of the room, "I'll go start the generator."

An hour later finds the two sets of twins gathered in the living room.

Apparently, the only generator that Ford could find that was in working conditions after the events of the last summer was only large enough to power a single space heater and a set of string lights.

Or a regular light, but Mabel had deemed this more *festive and cozy.*

"Do you have any eights?" Mabel asks, staring up at Stan who looks at her in confusion.

"We're playing poker, sweetie." He reminds her.

"Yeah, I know, I need an eight."

Dipper rolls his eyes, his attention turning to outside the window.

The snow was still coming down in spades, fluffy and white. The ground was more than covered, now making its way up the sides of the walls, and covering each evergreen tree in a blanket of white.

"It's going to stop snowing eventually, right?" He asks as Mabel tries to take one of Stan's cards in the background.

Ford turns his own attention away from the second generator he's trying to fix up, and instead to the window.

"Oh, I'm sure it will eventually. That old spell isn't that powerful. One good storm should be all the juice it has in it." He looks back down at the generator, and after a pause adds, "Probably."

"Probably?"

Ford shrugs. "And if not, I'm sure I can figure out a counter spell. Maybe in a day or two."

"A day or two?" Dipper asks, repeating his great uncle's words once again with a raised eyebrow. Ford looks up at him with a smile.

"Sure, why not? Far be it for me to waste all the hard work you two put in just to spend a couple more days with us."

Dipper smiles up at his uncle before leaning against him.

"Thanks, Grunkle Ford."

STAN O' WAR
MERMAID SCALES

Berrybanana

UGH, GETTING STUFFY. LET'S TAKE TEN, GUYS!

SHH!

COME ON, JUST-

SHMEBULOCK!

(SERIOUSLY?)

GUESS NORMAN WAS KIND OF THE SAME TRICK...

WAIT, THEN WHY WAS THEIR COORDINATION SO BAD?

... THEIR SUIT'S WELL-MADE, THOUGH.

THAT'S HOW YA FOOL AN "EXPERT"...

HEY, BET WE'D MAKE A FORTUNE IF WE , UH, BORROWED IT.

!

NOT SURE I WANNA DEAL WITH ANGRY GNOMES AGAIN...

BUT... WHERE DO YOU EVEN GET A SUIT LIKE THAT?

MAYBE IT HAS A TAG! I'LL JUST GO CHECK REAL QUICK...

A TAG? REALLY?

NEVER KNOW 'TIL YA LOOK!

SEE, THEY'RE GONE! IT'S LIKE THEY'RE ASKIN' US TO GO STEAL IT!

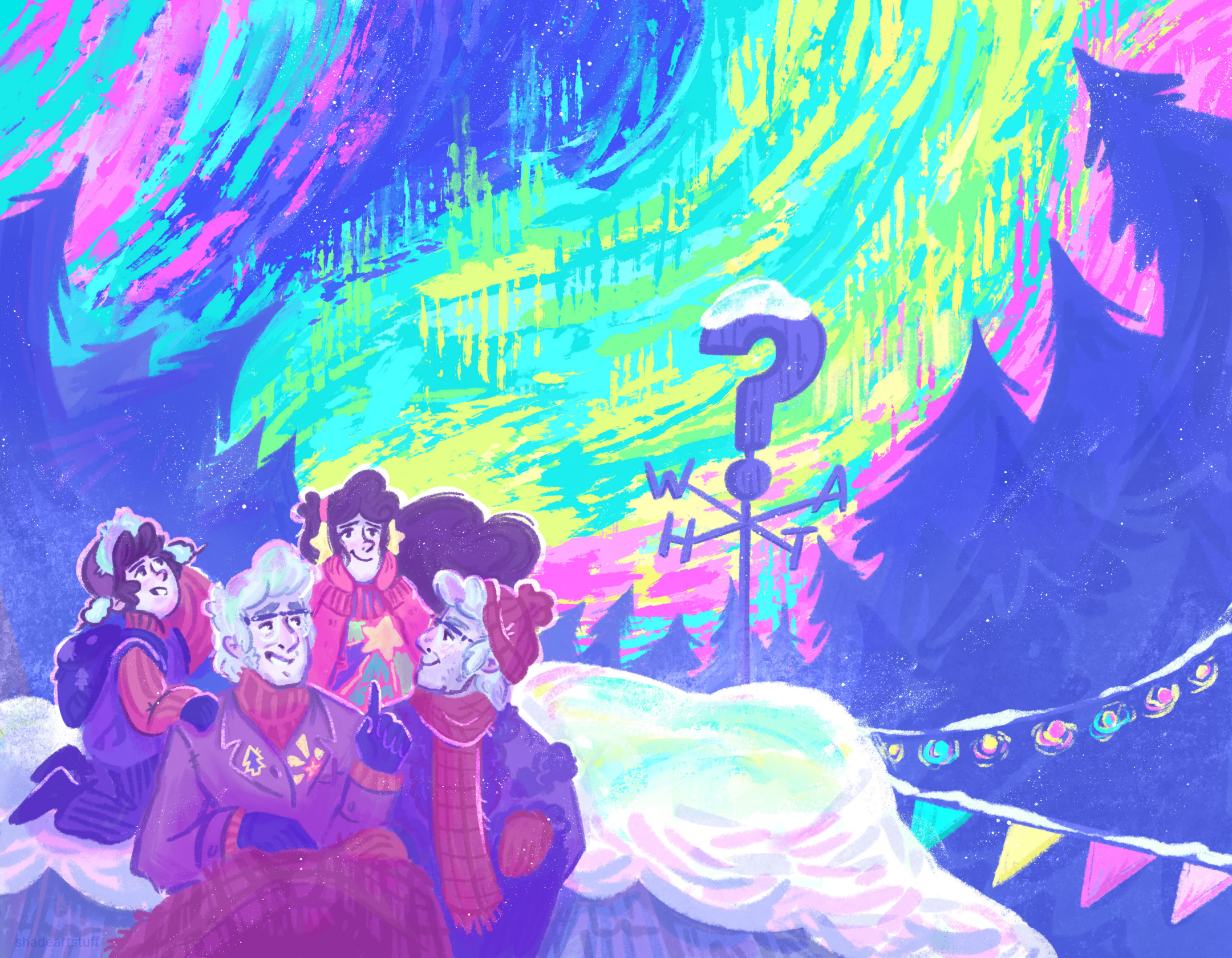
IT'S NOT WORTH IT.

AH, WELL.

BET MABEL'LL BE SAD SHE MISSED OUT.

SIXER TOO.

OKAY, FINE!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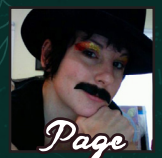

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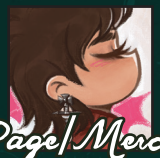

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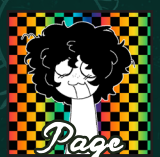

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t nightbeamed

Elishevart
t elishevart
elisheva67

Eregyrn-falls
t eregyrn-falls-art
eregyrn

Fexiled
t fexiled

FireflyEcho
FireflyEchoArt
t fireflyecho

Fordtato
hanahyperfixate
t fordtato

H. Hellman
t hellmandraws

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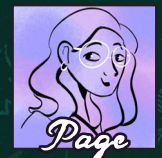

Jas
t antibeachballsociety

KannaTC
ShadowKanna
t kannatc

Lemonfodrizzleart
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Maida
t unsaludomaida

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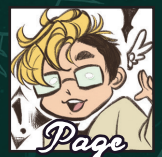
THEminiyuna



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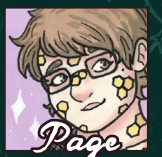

Nika Ilustración
AnaHerrero28
t nikailustracion

Nour386
t Nour386
Nourthe386th

optimistic-violinist
t optimistic-violinist

ProcyOren
ProcyOren

RadicalBears
radical_bears
t radicalbears

Roix
Hecctwo
Glimfag

Schatten-Light
Schatten-light

Sealbatross
sealbatross
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SewerReptile
sewerreptile
sewerreptile

shadeartstuff
shadeartstuff

sherlockfreak
sherlockfreak05
sherlockfreak

Shidreamin
Shidreamin

Siilipoiss
Indulgentcosmos

SpaceMuttStudios
SpaceMuttStudio
spacemuttstudios

Starry
starryroyalty
starryroyalty

StephReynaArt
StephReynaArt

Tacco
taccoman
tacco_draws

tazzakazza
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Tbartss
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tentercrooks
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shattercrane

tiff__bee
tiff__bee
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the-kings-of-games

vintagehoneybees
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Ciel // Doll
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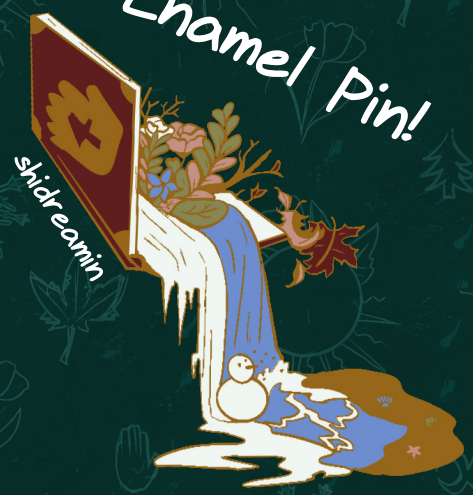
MERCH

Enamel Pin!



shidreamin

Standee!

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All surplus funds will be donated to the Oregon Conservation and Recreation Fund!

From the foundation's website;
"The OCRF is a way for Oregonians to support projects that protect and enhance the species and habitats identified in the Oregon Conservation Strategy. It also aims to create new opportunities for wildlife watching, urban conservation, community science, and other wildlife-associated recreation."

Scan the QR code below to learn more about the wonderful foundation working to conserve the natural land and wildlife in the state of Oregon.

Once again we would just like to give a huge thank you to everyone who supported this zine. Whether that be the contributors, the buyers, or even just the people who shared it on social media. We wouldn't have been able to do this without you.

Thank You

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